



BLAZING ADVENTURES <sup>Battle!</sup> in BATTLE!



No 12  
FEB.

# SOLDIERS

of FORTUNE

FIGHTING YANKS WAGE WAR!

10¢

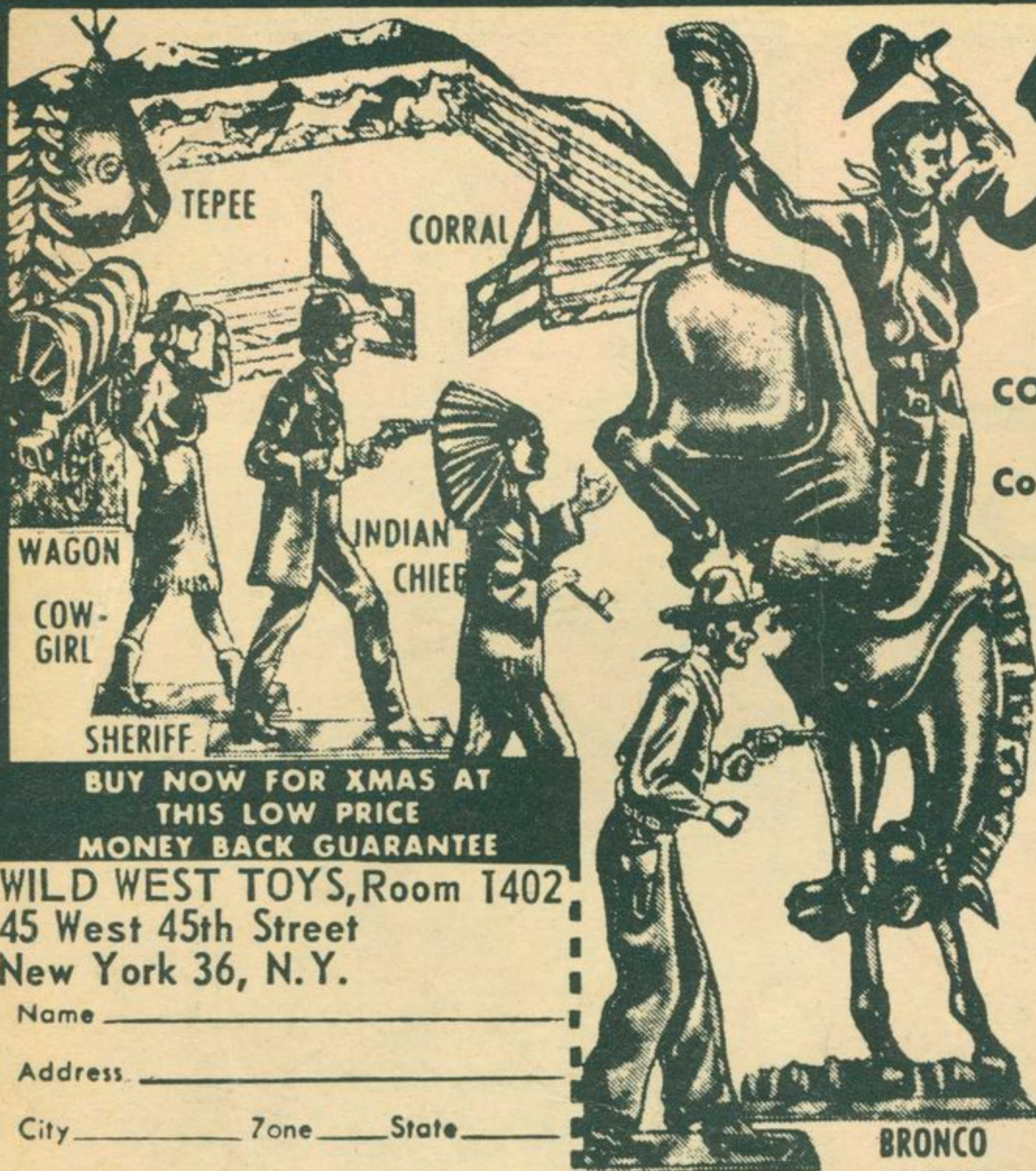






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BOY, AIN'T SHE PRETTY?  
GOOD THING I GOT MY  
CAMERA---I'LL TAKE SOME  
GOOD SHOTS!

STOW IT, JOE---  
THE ONLY SHOTS  
YOU'LL TAKE IS  
WITH THAT M-1!

IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH---JUST A DOT ON THE MAP CALLED **KUNLING**---BUT BEFORE THE STARS AND STRIPES CAN BE RAISED OVER IT, THOSE QUIET-LOOKING STREETS WILL BE PAID FOR IN BLOOD! YOU'VE SEEN A LOT OF DEATH AND AGONY---AND THEY'VE GROWN ALMOST FAMILIAR--- BUT ONE THING YOU'LL NEVER GET USED TO IS WATCHING THE---

# DEATH *of a* TOWN!



THE FIERCEST BATTLES  
OFTEN BEGIN QUIETLY---  
SIMPLY---WITHOUT A TRACE  
OF DRAMA---

POINT TO  
C.O.---OBJECTIVE  
BELOW---NO  
ENEMY IN  
SIGHT---



C.O. TO POINT---TAKE  
COVER---AWAIT INSTRU-  
CTIONS---OVER---



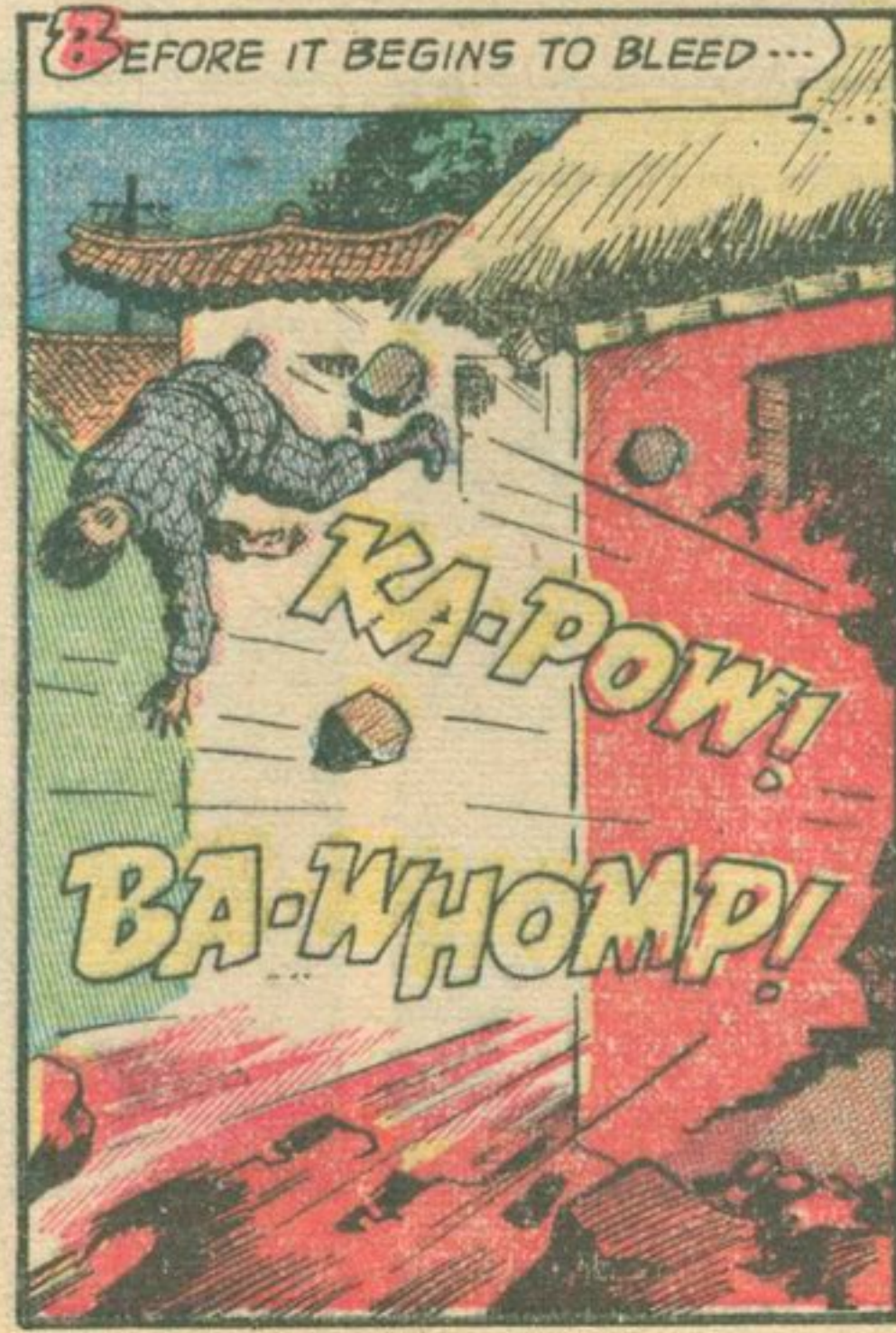
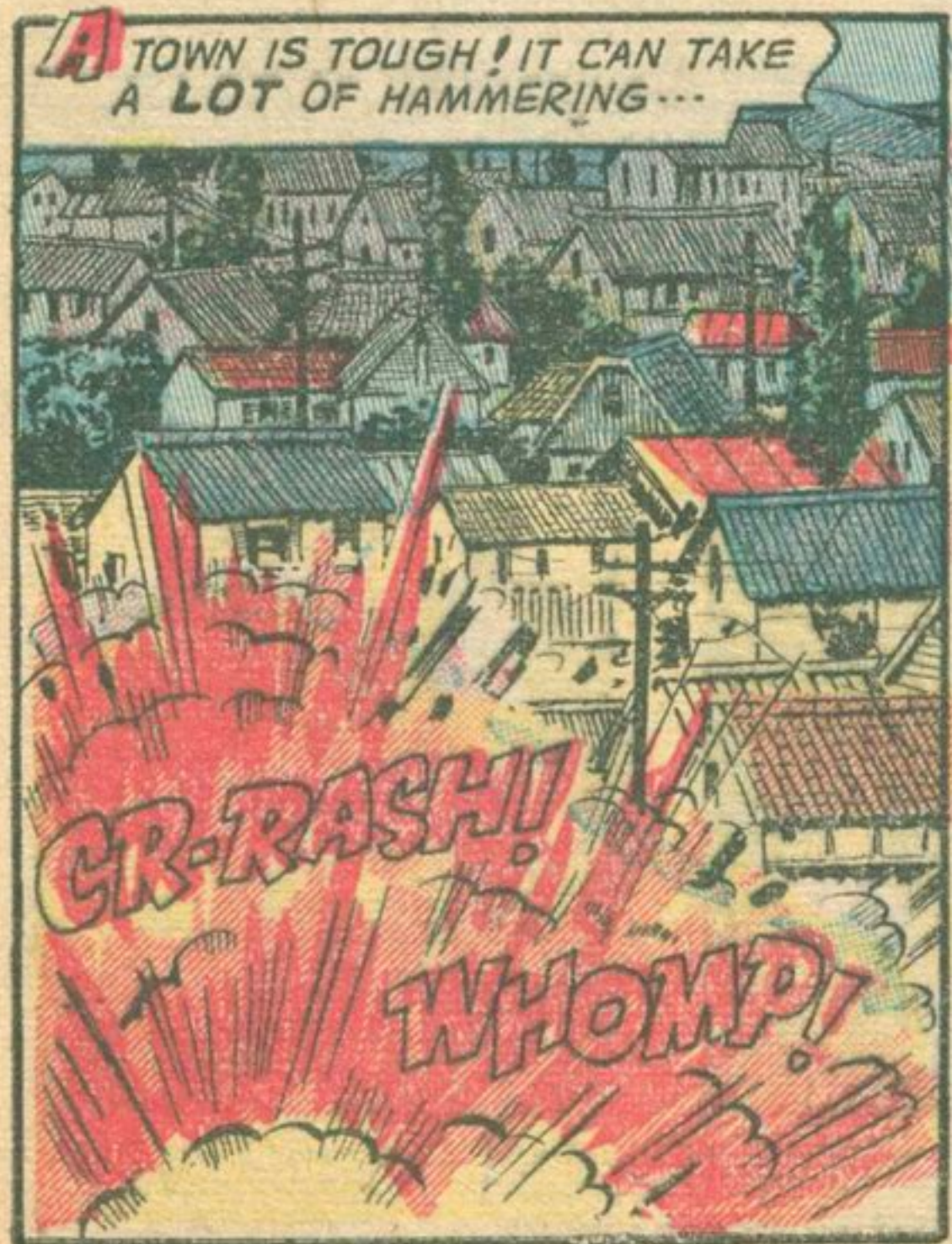
THIS IS IT, MEN---OUR SCOUTS  
HAVE REACHED THE OBJEC-  
TIVE! YOU KNOW YOUR  
ORDERS---B COMPANY  
WILL DRAW FIRE! JUMP  
OFF IN FIVE  
MINUTES!



THE DICE HAVE BEEN THROWN  
---AND SNAKE EYES HAVE  
SHOWN FOR---

**B COMPANY! OUR TURN  
UP FRONT, MEN! DEPLOY---  
AS SKIRMISHERS!**







SOONER OR LATER THE ARTILLERY BLASTS OPEN A HOLE---AND A LITTLE PIECE OF THE TOWN IS PENETRATED---



THERE ARE SCORES OF STREETS... HUNDREDS OF HOUSES... THOUSANDS OF ROOMS... AND FROM EVERY WINDOW CAN COME---



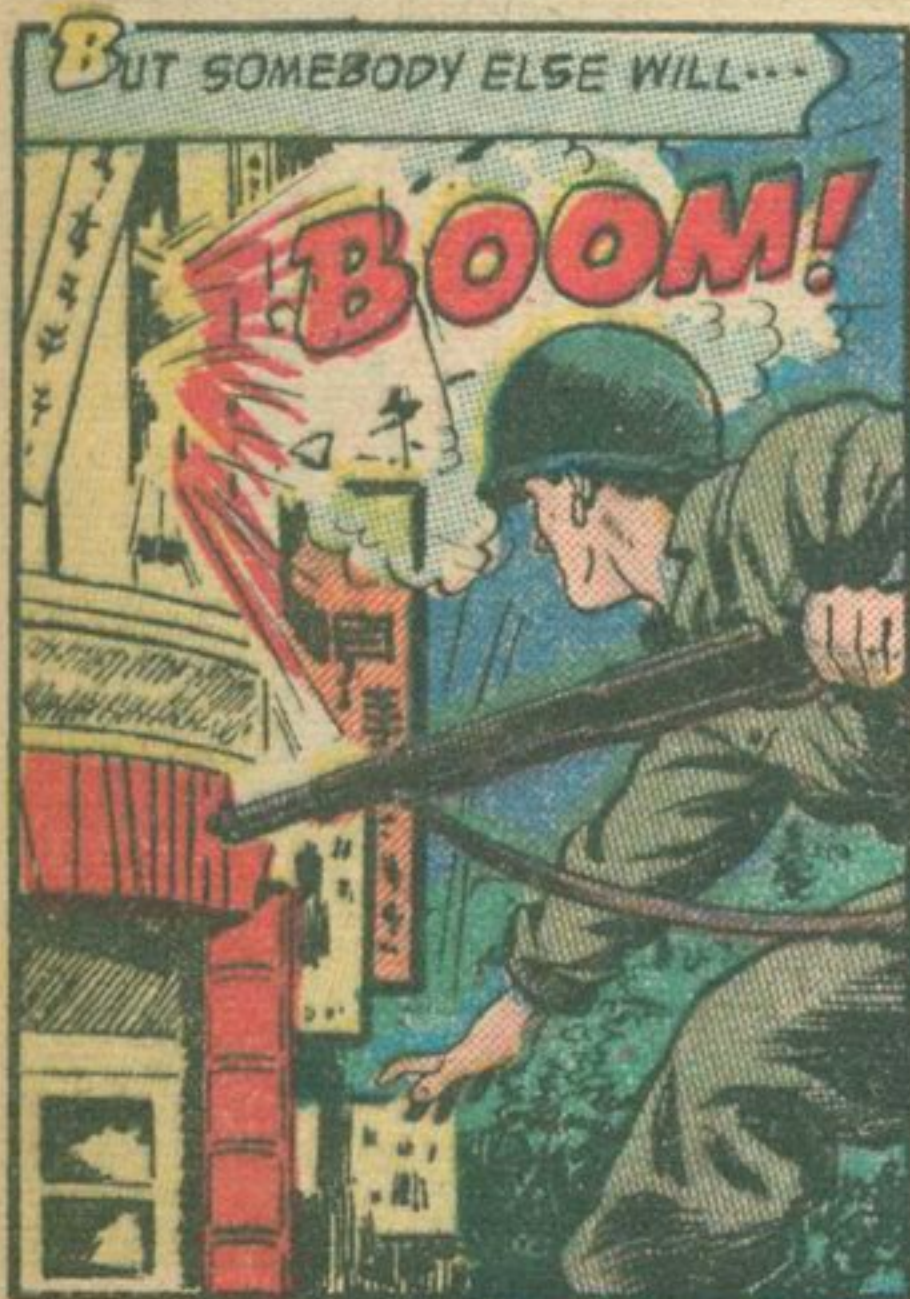
KELLY! ROGERS! M.G. IN SECOND STORY! TAKE IT!



KELLY AND ROGERS GAVE IT A GOOD TRY... BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH---



BUT SOMEBODY ELSE WILL---



OKAY, THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT TROUBLEMAKER... BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE MAY BE IN THE HOUSE! SO---



...YOU BUST IN! AND FACE THE HARDEST PART---

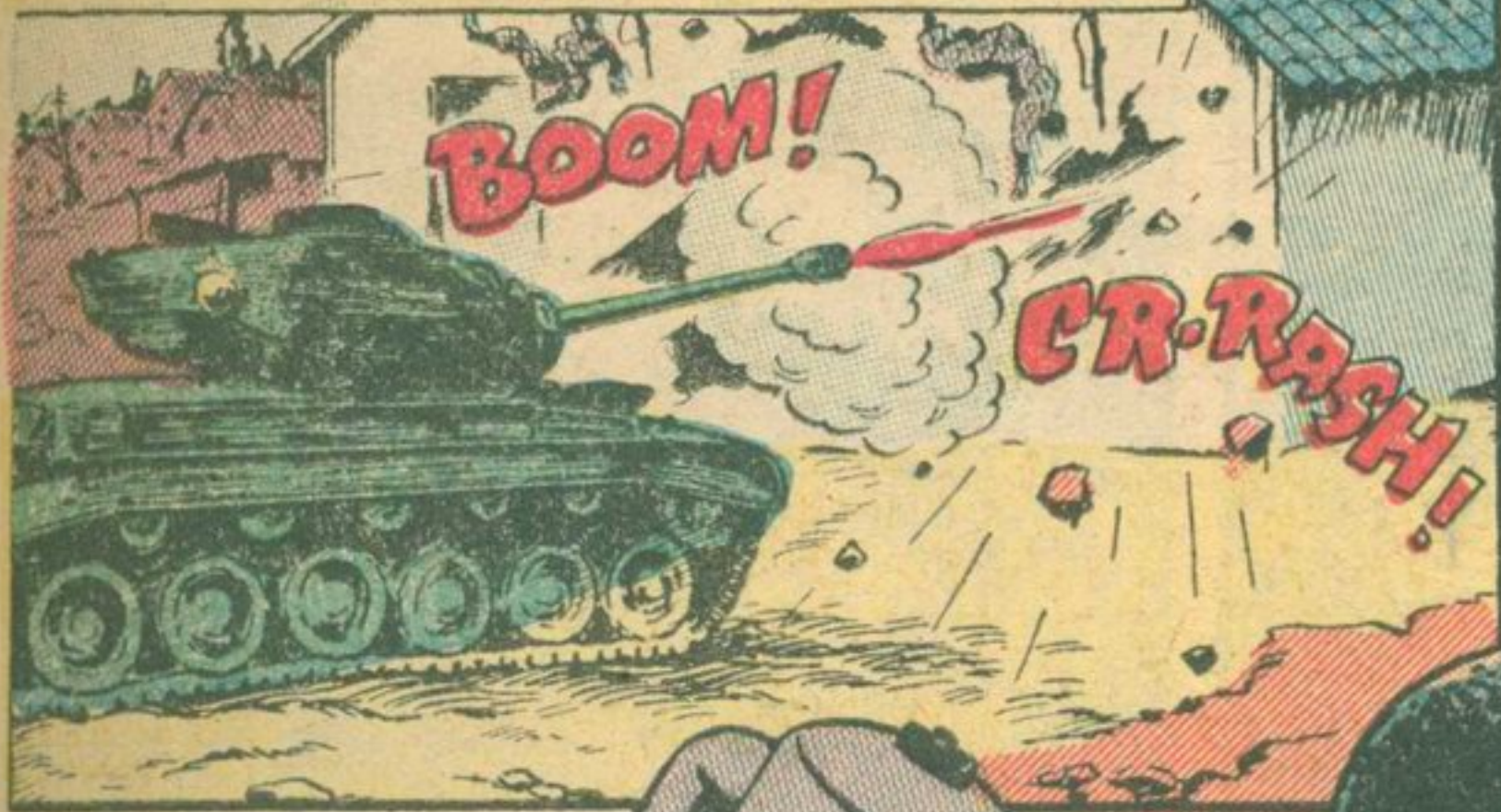








The BITTER HOURS PASS...AND A BLOCK OF HOUSES IS TORN FROM THE ENEMY'S GRASP!AND NOW...WITH A BIT OF COVER FOR TANKS...A HEAVIER HAND CAN BE USED...



THERE'S A CENTER OF DEFENSE AHEAD...AND THE TANKS CAN'T GET AT IT! **SOME-BODY** HAS TO ROUT THE REDS OUT...SOMEBODY WITH GUTS...



ANOTHER STREET IS TAKEN...ANOTHER STRONGHOLD IS BLASTED SKY-HIGH! BUT FOR EVERY FOOT OF GROUND WON THERE IS BLOOD...



...AND EACH YARD TAKES ITS PRICE!



BUT THEY'LL FIGHT BACK...FIERCELY...



...WHO CAN ADVANCE...AND KILL!



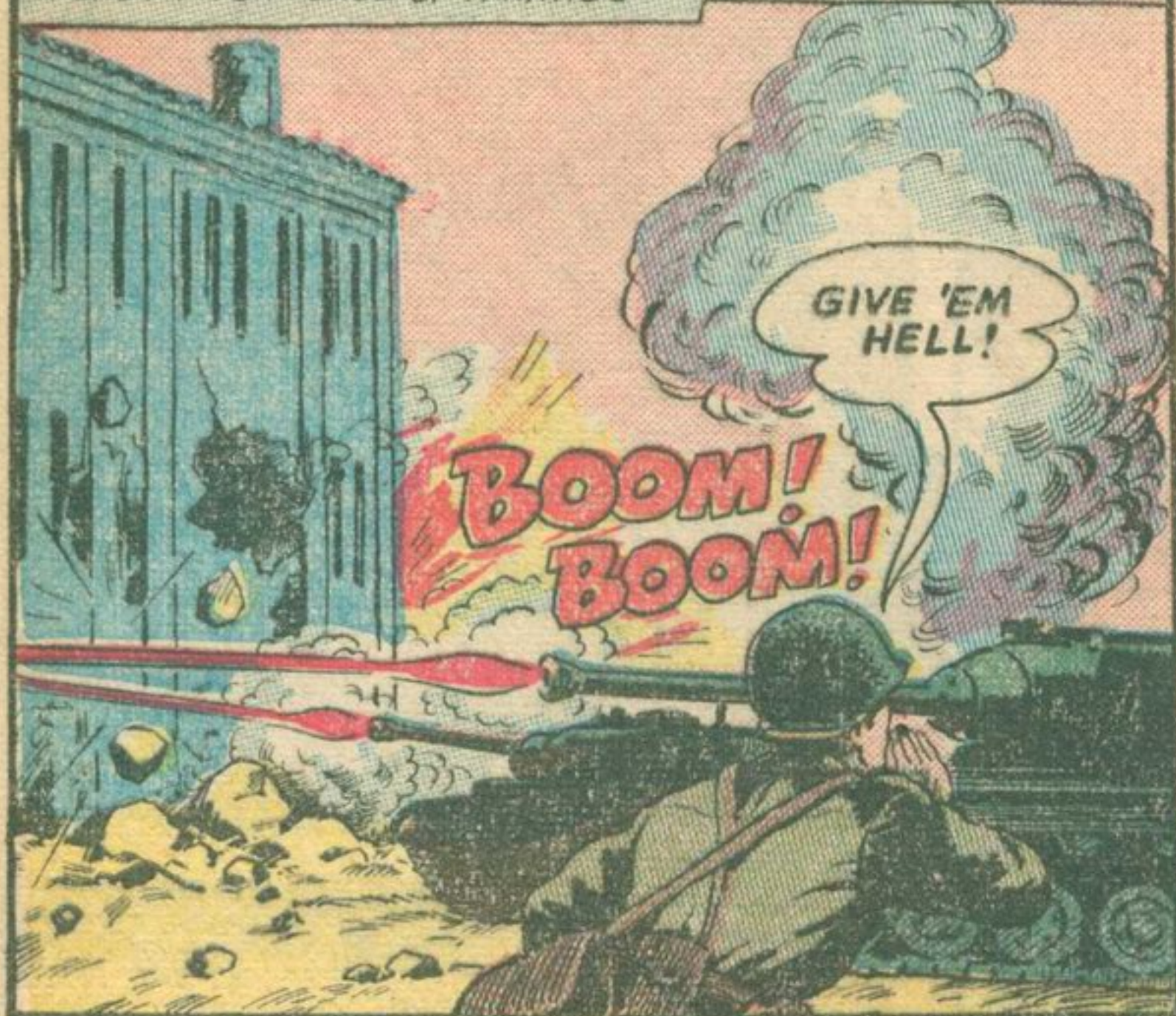
YES...IT'S A PRICE EACH SIDE PAYS...

YA NO GOOD SNIPER!





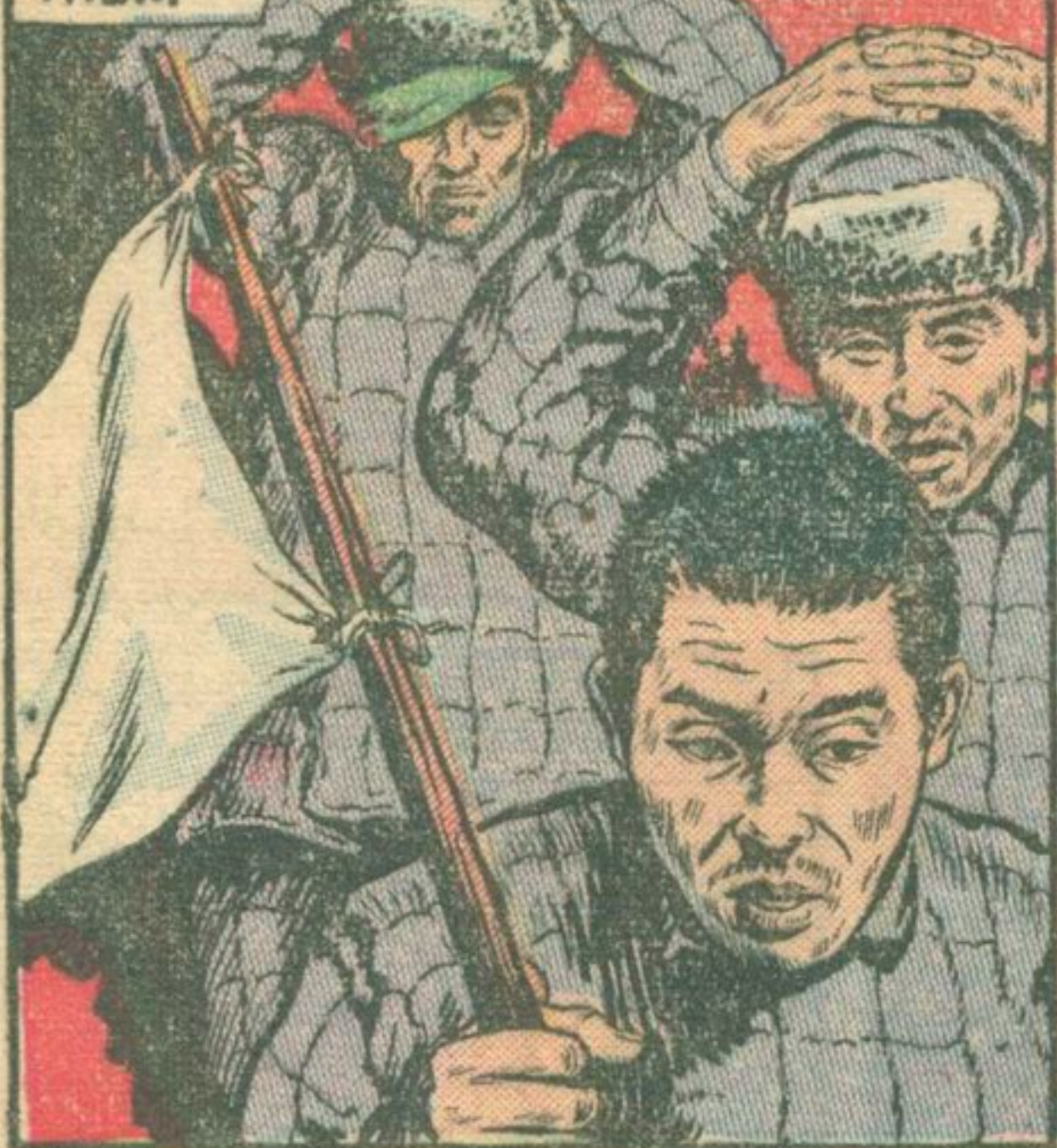
THE RED CIRCLES OF DEFENSE GROW SMALLER AND SMALLER... AS SUPERIOR AMERICAN COURAGE AND SKILL DRIVE ON! THE TOWN IS ALMOST WON NOW! ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE CITY HALL... AND A LAST DITCH FORCE OF FANATICS...



AND THE LAST-DITCH FLAME THROWERS...



AND WHEN IT'S ALL OVER... THERE ARE ONLY A FEW TATTERED SURVIVORS TO BE SENT BACK TO COMFORTABLE PRISON CAMPS! IT'S OVER FOR THEM...



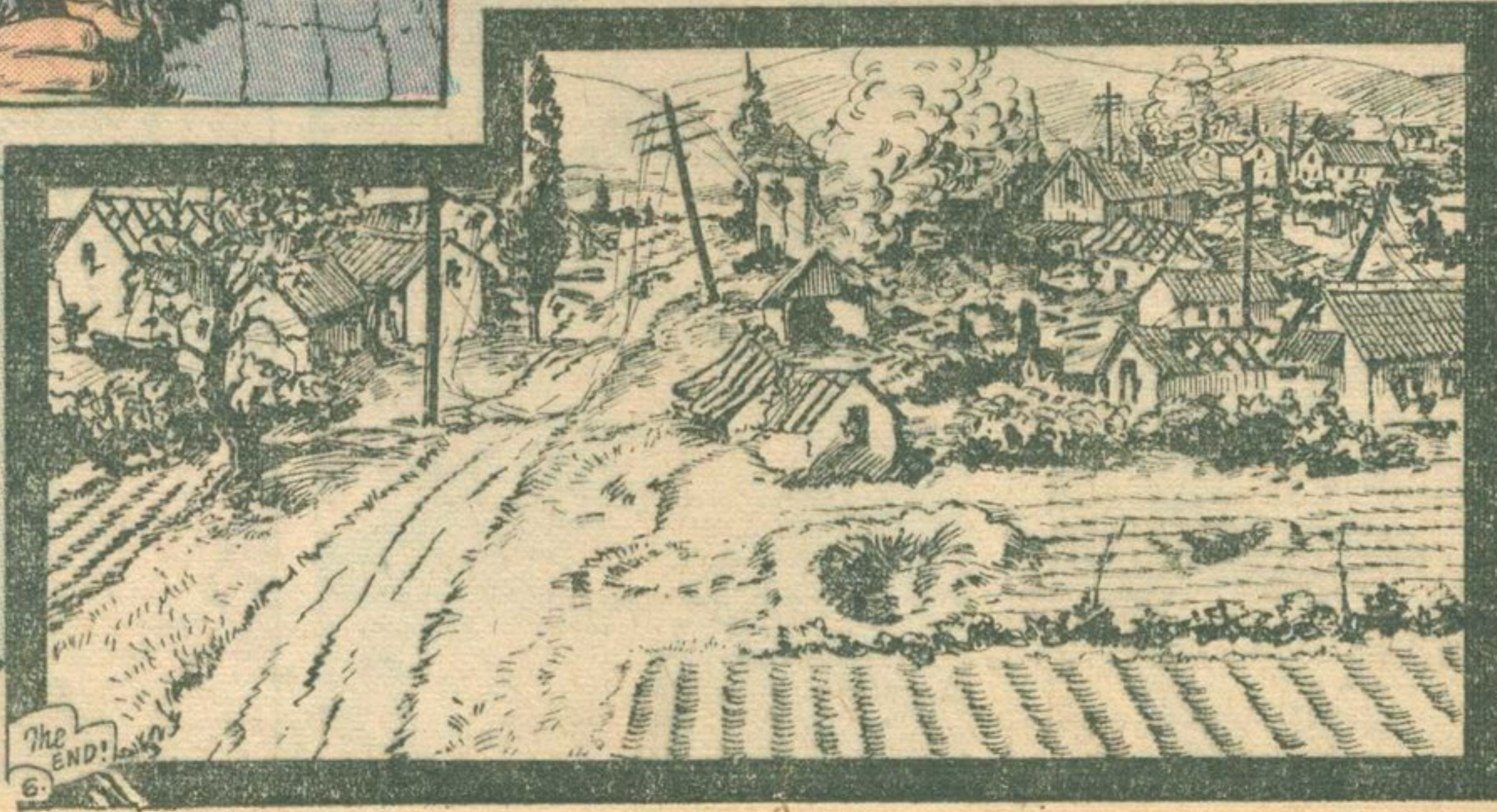
...BUT NOT FOR YOU! THE NEXT MORNING'S COMMUNIQUE WILL SAY THAT ANOTHER TOWN IN KOREA HAS FALLEN! KUNLING IS IN THE HANDS OF THE ALLIES! BUT FOR YOU... THE DOGFACE... THE VICTOR... THERE ARE ONLY A FEW MOMENTS OF REST WITHOUT FEAR... BUT REMEMBER... YOU'RE DOING IT FOR LIBERTY, AND IT'S WORTH IT!

BUST ME OPEN A K-RATION, JOE... I'M BEAT!

SURE, MIKE... BUT FIRST I'M TAKIN' SOME OF THOSE SNAPSHOTS I WANTED!



TAKE SOME GOOD PICTURES, JOE... AND WHEN THEY'RE DEVELOPED, BE SURE TO PASTE A BLACK BORDER AROUND THEM! FOR WHAT YOU'VE PHOTOGRAPHED IS DEATH... THE DEATH OF ANOTHER LINK IN THE VENOMOUS CHAIN OF RED FASCISM!







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# Point DEATH

"WE'RE ON THE crest of the first ridge, Major," Sergeant Bill Harder said into the mouthpiece of his walkie-talkie. "We're crouched in the bushes at the top now, looking across the valley at the next ridge about 600 yards away. As per orders, we tried to push forward, but a machinegun opened up and knocked off our two lead scouts. The rest of us scrambled back to safety, but we haven't picked up the spot where the machinegun is emplaced. We've raised our helmets to draw their fire, but the Reds didn't fall for it. So we're pinned down here now. What are your orders? Over."

"Your squad is the point of the entire advance, sergeant!" the major's voice crackled over the walkie-talkie. "That machinegun has got to be wiped out before the rest of the battalion reaches your ridge! Send a couple of men down into the valley to draw their fire, while the rest of you keep your eyes peeled for the spot their fire is coming from. Then radio the location back to me, and I'll have our mortars blast it to smithereens!"

The sergeant grimly lowered the walkie-talkie and looked around at the rest of his squad, crouching in the shrubbery. He could tell from the way they all looked quickly away from him that they knew what the major's orders had been.

"Yes, we're the point," he thought bitterly, "the point of death!" His eyes flashed from McCorkle to Benson to Gowalski to Donato to Levy to Vandercook, all of whom were intently studying their fingernails or weapons...and his heart rebelled at the thought of sending two of those men to certain death.

Which two should he pick? Which two should he murder? Which...

The sergeant quickly stiffened as he heard a sudden crackling in the bushes down the slope behind them. A moment later, three Chinese soldiers came into view.

"Freeze!" the sergeant whispered urgently as he watched the Reds scramble pantingly and desperately up the ridge. Slowly, imperceptibly, the squad members shrank back into the protective covering of the shrubbery that surrounded them. All eyes were on the enemy soldiers, all eyes gleaming with hope...for all knew what would happen if the Reds crossed the ridge and tried to flee across the valley.

"They must've been out on a patrol," the sergeant thought. "We bypassed them somehow, and now they're running back to give the news of our impending attack. But they'll never make it. The Reds are known to be very short of field glasses, and the naked eye couldn't distinguish friendly from enemy soldiers at a distance of 600 yards. And since the Reds in that machinegun nest are already jittery and trigger-happy, they won't hesitate to shoot as soon as anything gets into their sights!"

By this time the three Reds were at the crest of the ridge, and now they were running down the reverse slope, toward the valley.

*Ratatatatat!*

The three figures crumpled suddenly and fell to the ground. Keeping his eyes on the spot where the shots had come from, the sergeant said happily, "Give me that walkie-talkie!"



CAPT. TOM HARVEY

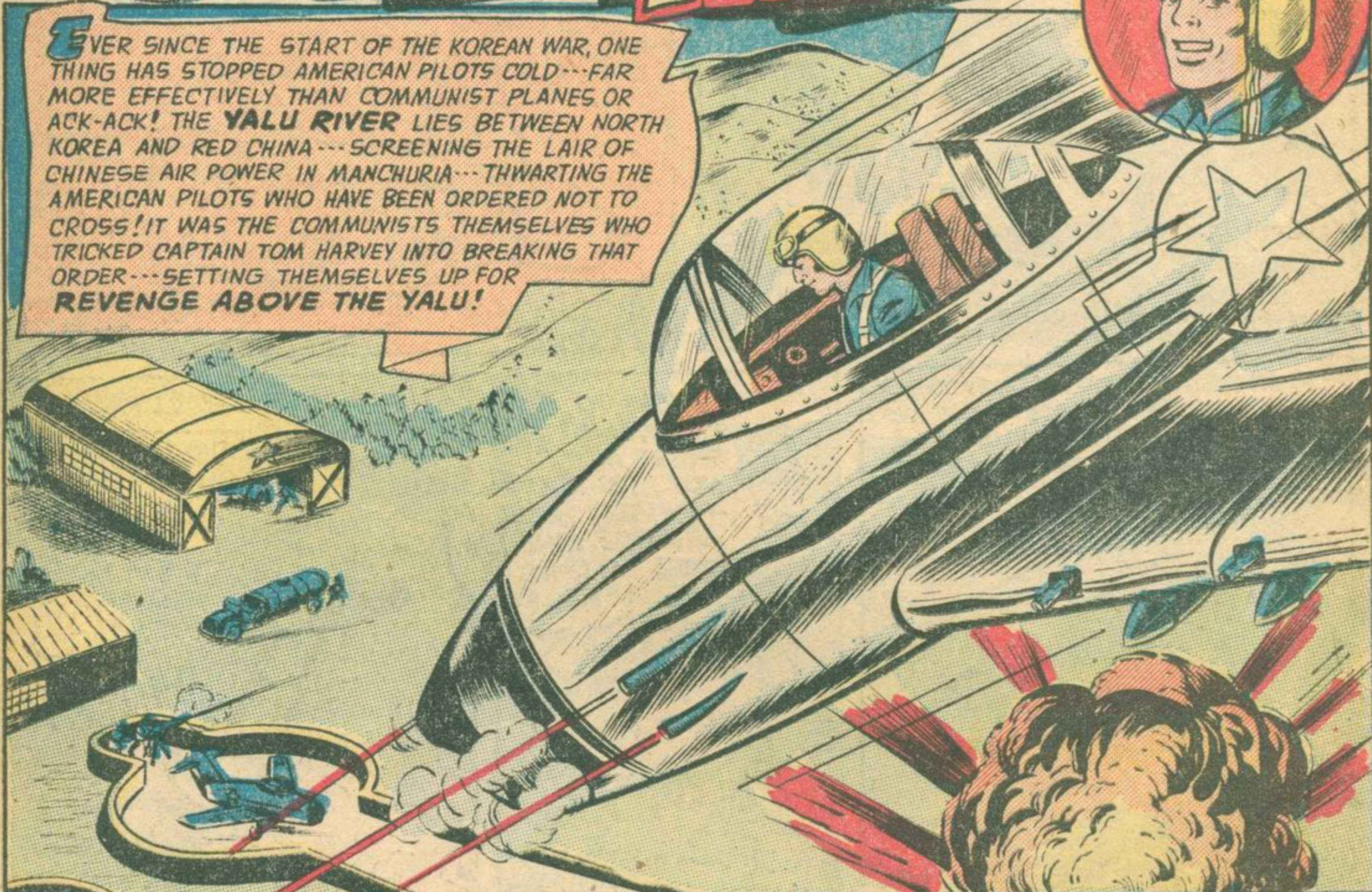


# REVENGE ABOVE THE YALU

LIEUT. AL CRESSWELL



EVER SINCE THE START OF THE KOREAN WAR, ONE THING HAS STOPPED AMERICAN PILOTS COLD---FAR MORE EFFECTIVELY THAN COMMUNIST PLANES OR ACK-ACK! THE **YALU RIVER** LIES BETWEEN NORTH KOREA AND RED CHINA---SCREENING THE LAIR OF CHINESE AIR POWER IN MANCHURIA---THWARTING THE AMERICAN PILOTS WHO HAVE BEEN ORDERED NOT TO CROSS! IT WAS THE COMMUNISTS THEMSELVES WHO TRICKED CAPTAIN TOM HARVEY INTO BREAKING THAT ORDER---SETTING THEMSELVES UP FOR **REVENGE ABOVE THE YALU!**



AT A U.S. FIGHTER BASE IN SOUTHERN KOREA---

JUST THE TWO OF US THIS TIME, AL! IT'S A PRETTY SAFE INDICATION OUR RADAR HASN'T PICKED UP ANY **MIGs** NOGING AROUND!

SURE---THEY'RE ALL LAYING DOGGO UP AT THEIR MANCHURIAN BASES BEYOND THE YALU! **THAT'S** CHINESE TERRITORY---AND WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE NICE AND POLITE ABOUT NOT GOING AFTER 'EM!

CAPT. TOM HARVEY 1420  
LT. AL CRESSWELL 1420

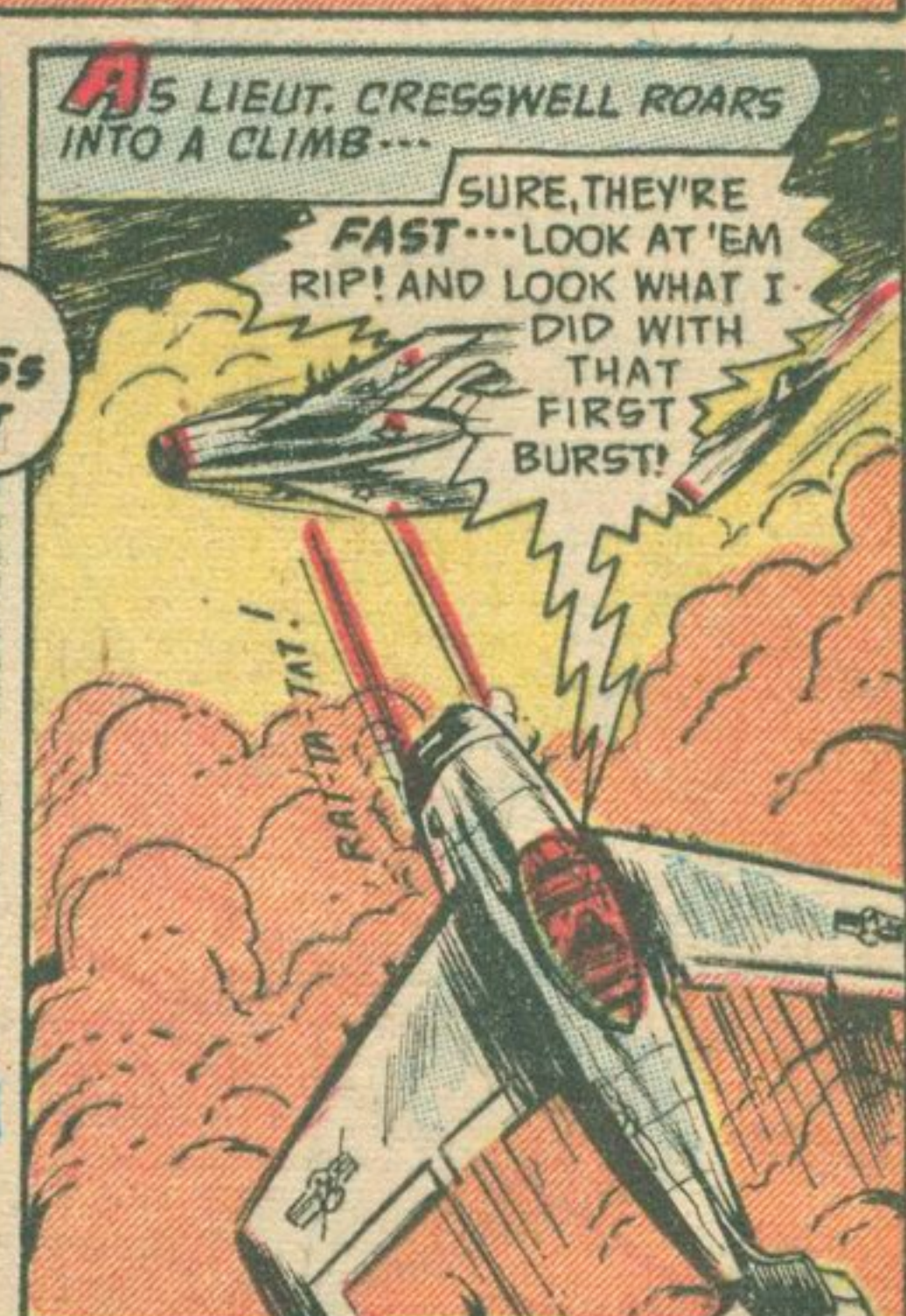
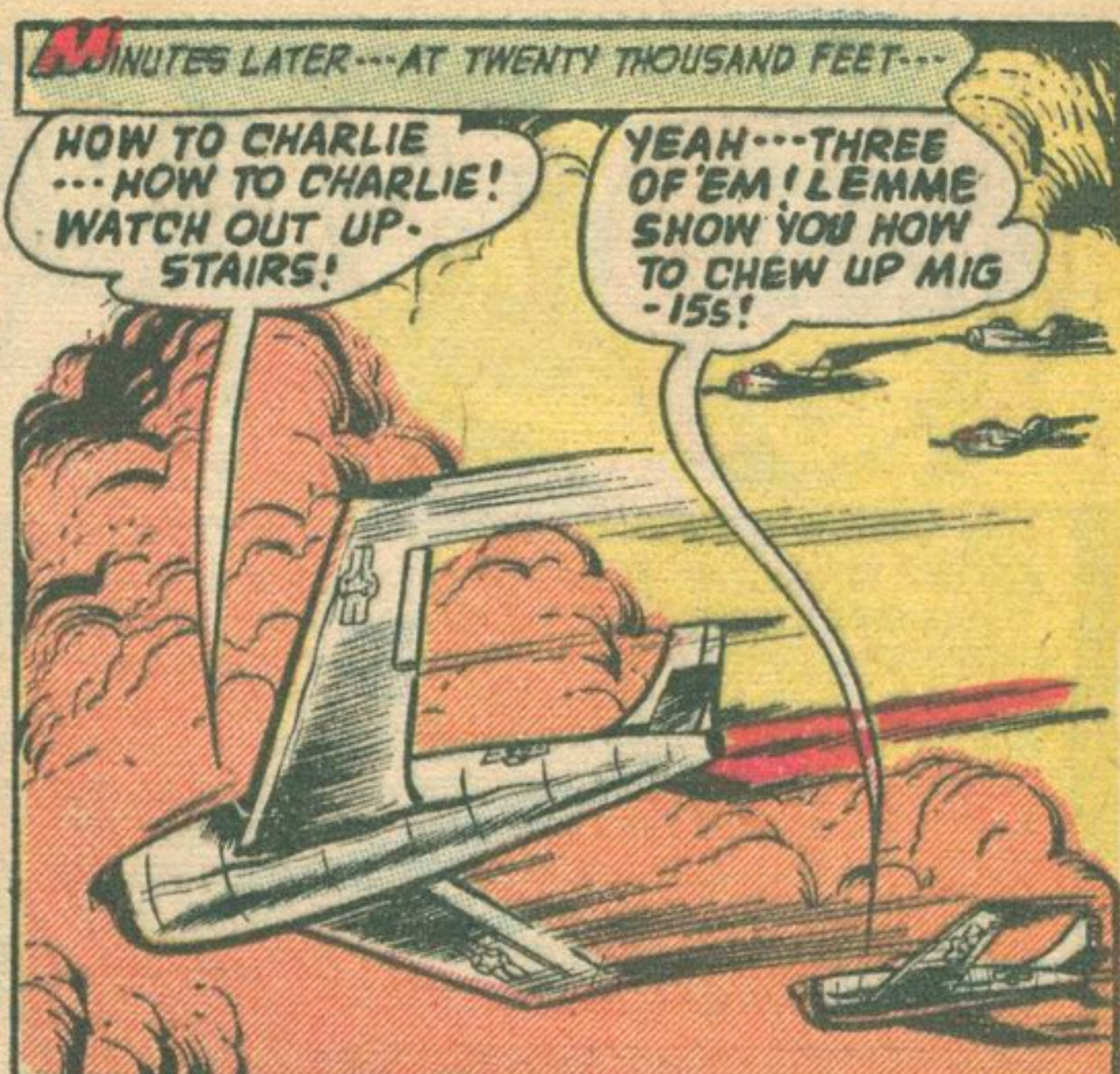


MAYBE I CAN'T BLAME THOSE GOOK SKY-BOYS FOR NOT STICKING THEIR NECKS OUT, TOM! I'M NOT RUNNING DOWN THOSE **MIG-15s**---BUT OUR SECRET ELECTRONIC GUN SIGHT'S GOT 'EM SCARED GUTLESS!

THAT HASN'T STOPPED 'EM FROM COMING OVER BEFORE, AL! THE REDS ARE PAST MASTERS AT UNCORKING SURPRISES---SO IF WE SPOT ANYTHING, DON'T GET TOO STEAMED UP OVER MAKING A KILL, UNDERSTAND?



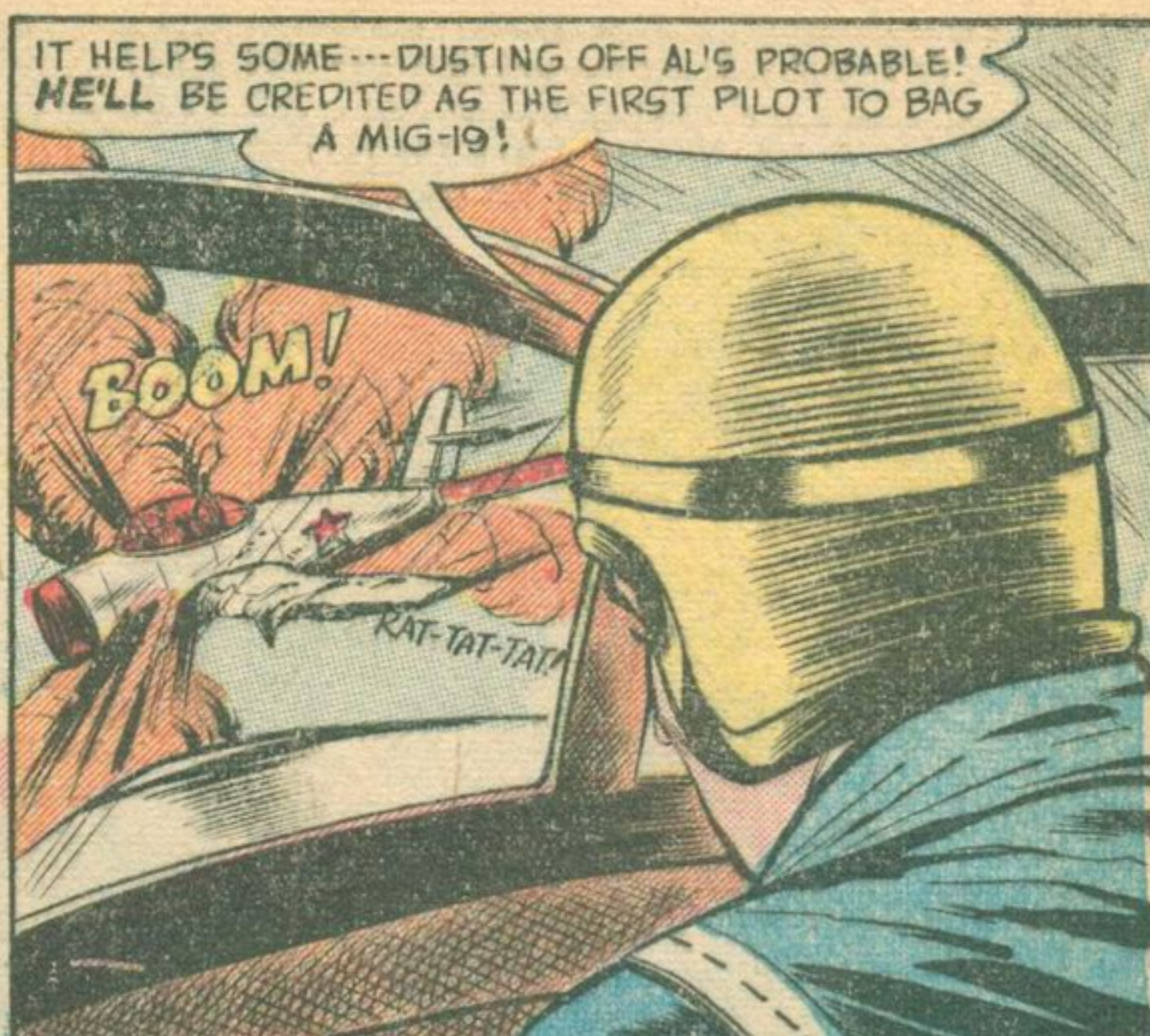








THEY GOT HIM! OKAY, YOU SLANT-EYES... LET'S DO BUSINESS!



IT HELPS SOME...DUSTING OFF AL'S PROBABLE! HE'LL BE CREDITED AS THE FIRST PILOT TO BAG A MIG-19!



WITH A ROAR THAT RIPS ACROSS THE SKY...

THE OTHER TWO ARE RUNNING OUT ON ME! THOSE BABIES CAN CLIMB LIKE FURY... BUT I'M CLAWIN' UP RIGHT AFTER 'EM!



SOMEWHERE FIVE MILES BELOW, LIEUT. AL CRESSWELL'S SABREJET LIES SHATTERED AGAINST A KOREAN HILLSIDE...



...AND HERE...ANOTHER SABRE SHRIEKS IN PURSUIT!

I'M RIGHT ON THEIR TAIL, KID...AND WHEN THEY START COMING DOWN...I'M GONNA TICKLE THEIR JET PIPES GOOD!

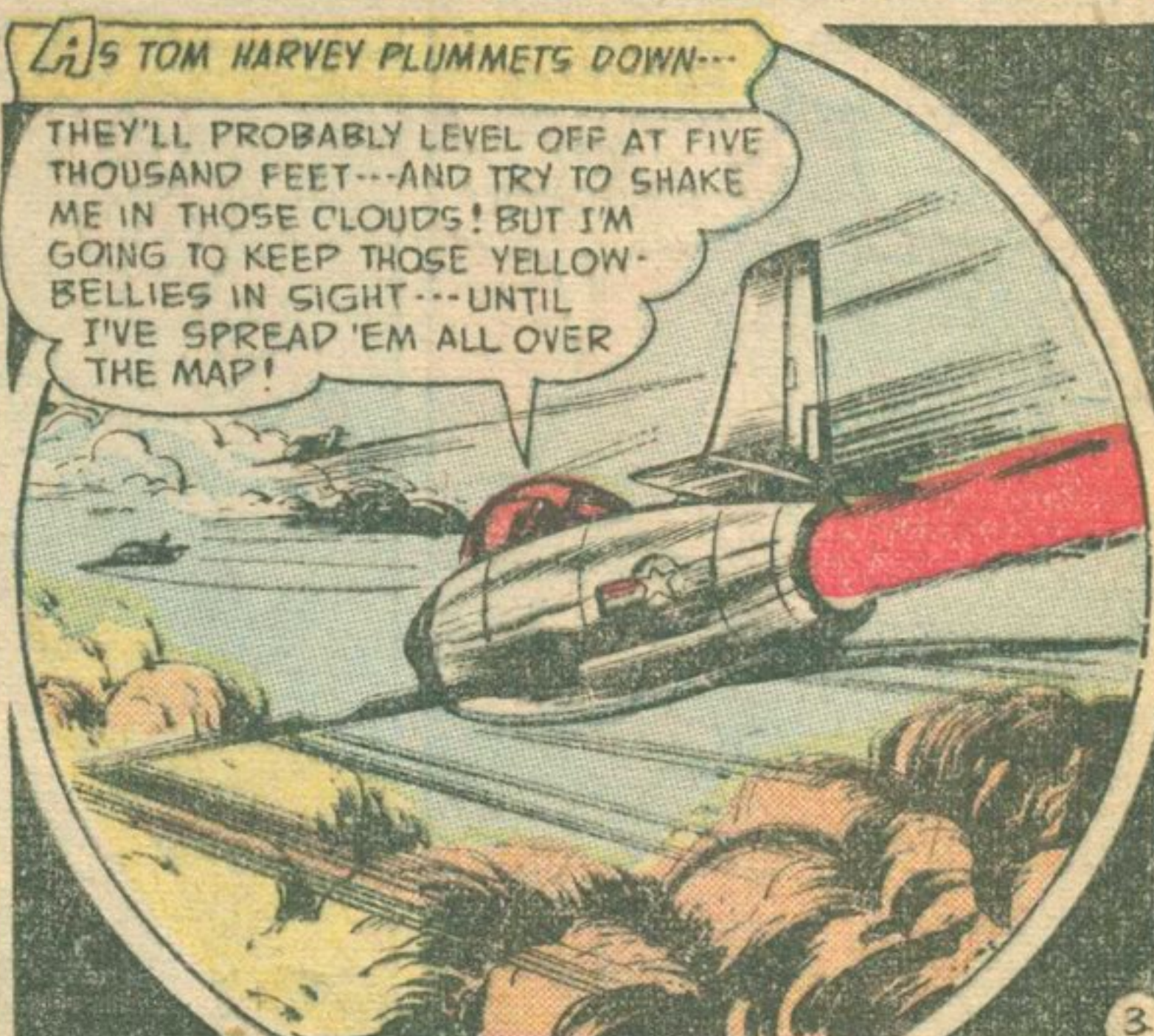
RAT-TAT-TAT!



MINUTES LATER...

MIKE FOUR TO MIKE SIX! GO INTO POWER DIVE... OVER!

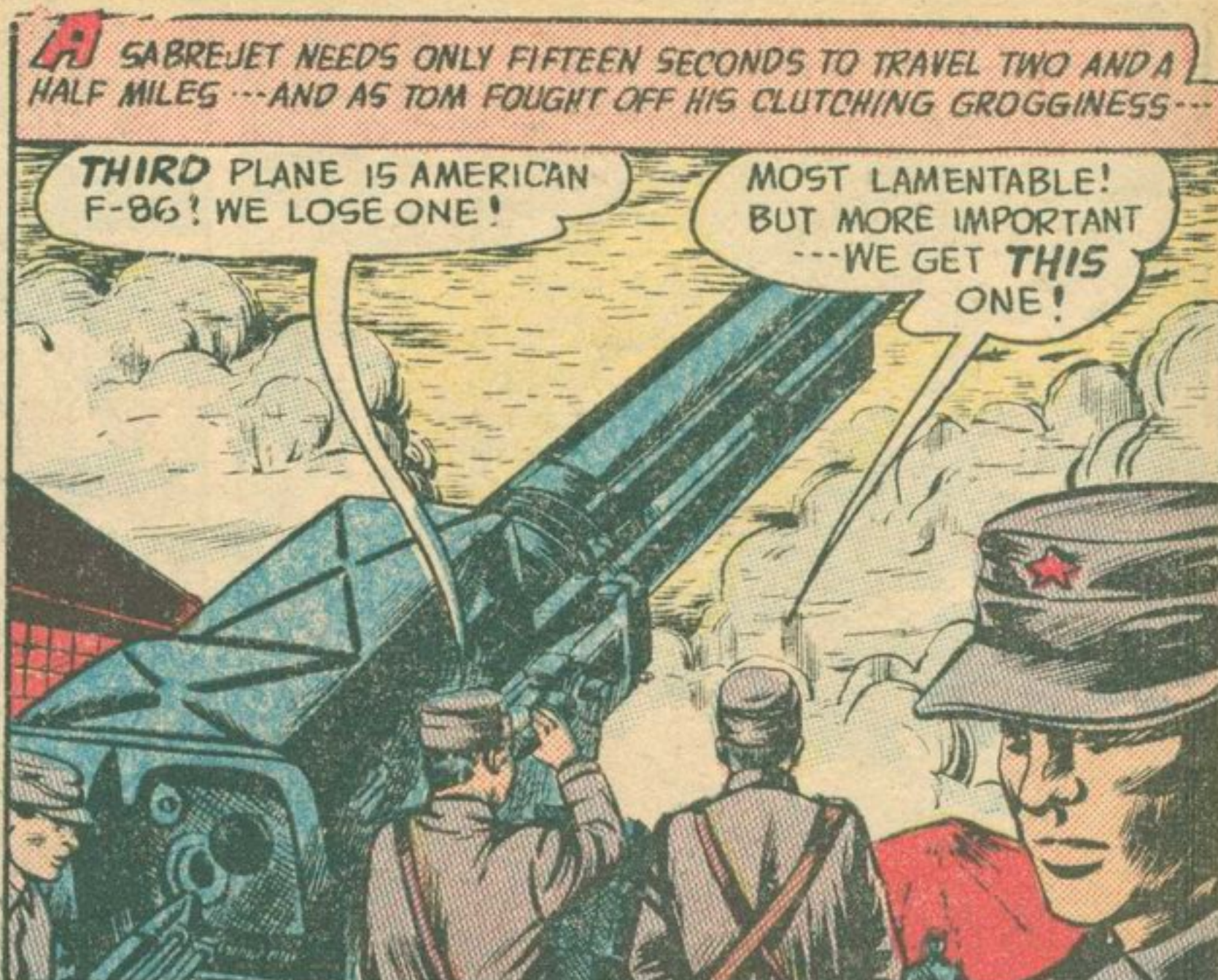
MIKE SIX... RAJAH!



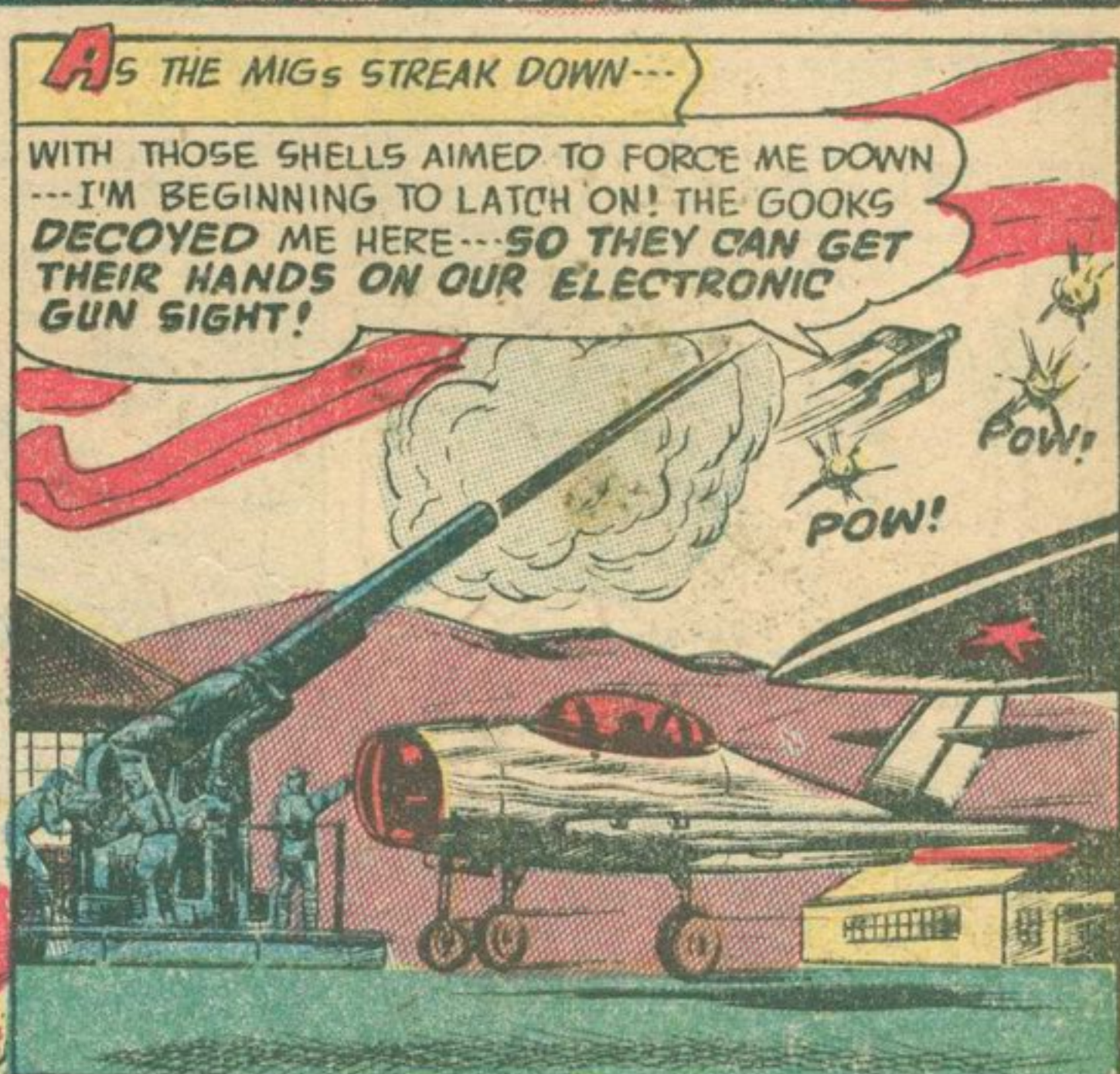
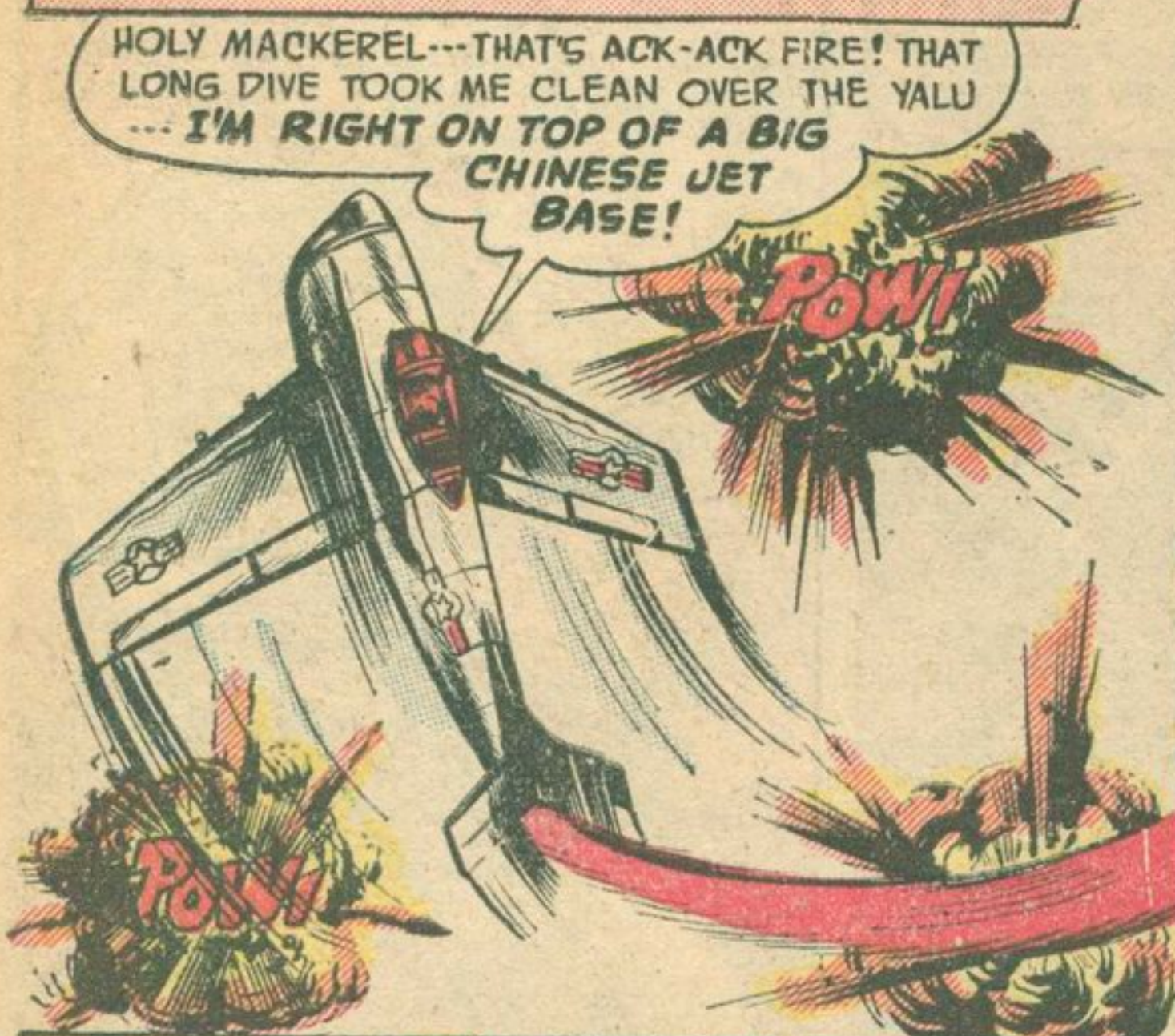
AS TOM HARVEY PLUMMETS DOWN...

THEY'LL PROBABLY LEVEL OFF AT FIVE THOUSAND FEET...AND TRY TO SHAKE ME IN THOSE CLOUDS! BUT I'M GOING TO KEEP THOSE YELLOW-BELLIES IN SIGHT...UNTIL I'VE SPREAD 'EM ALL OVER THE MAP!

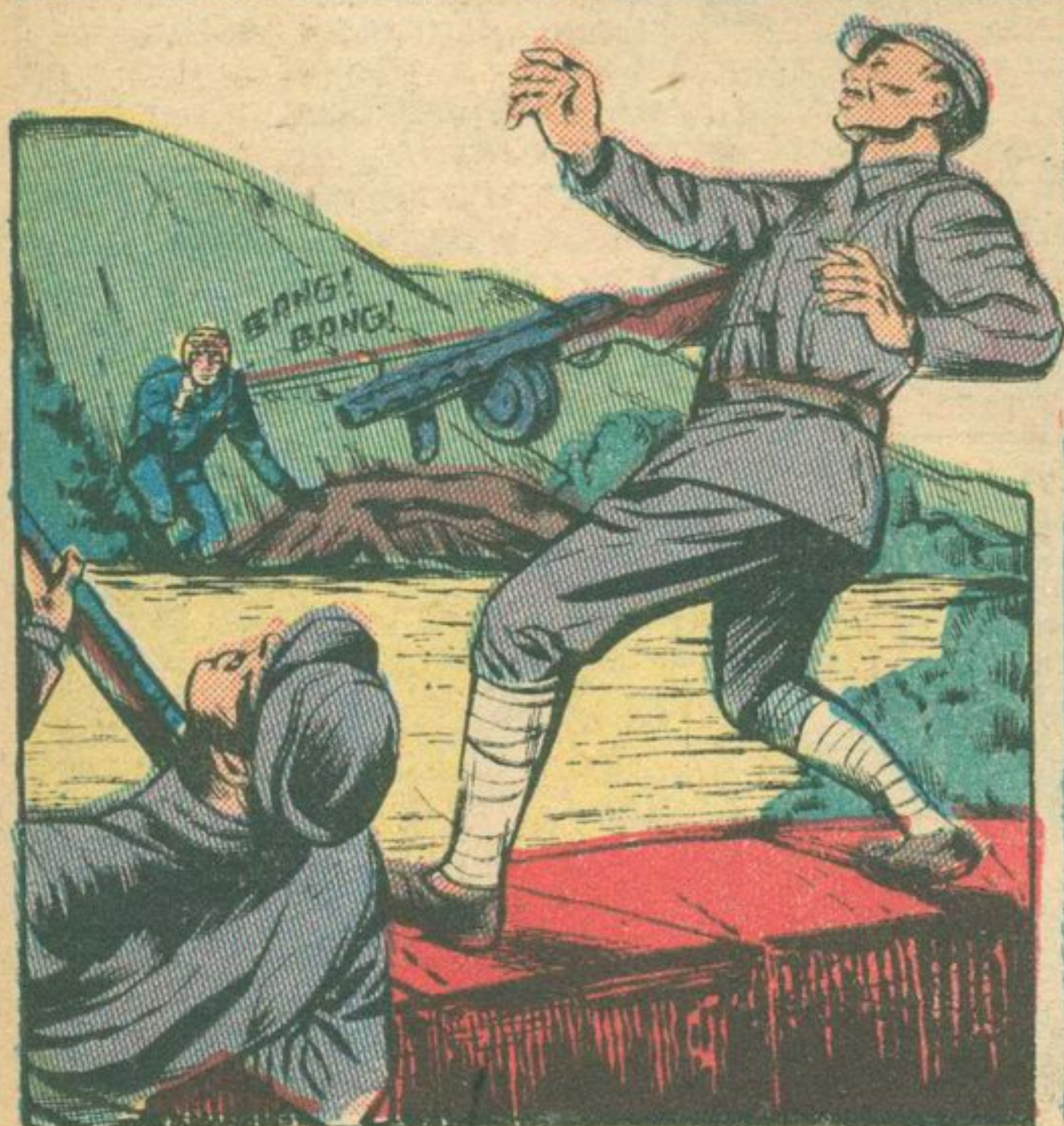
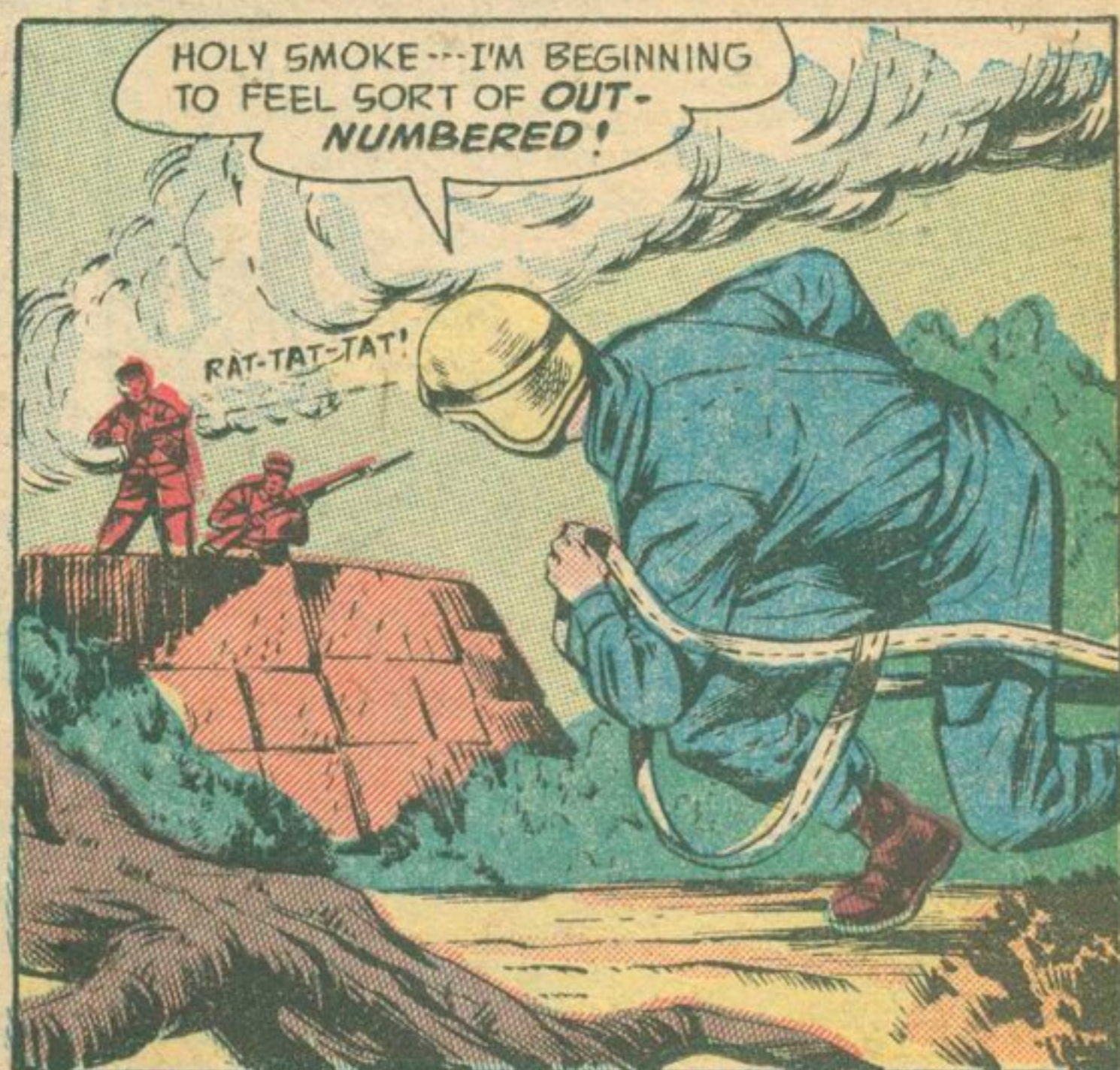
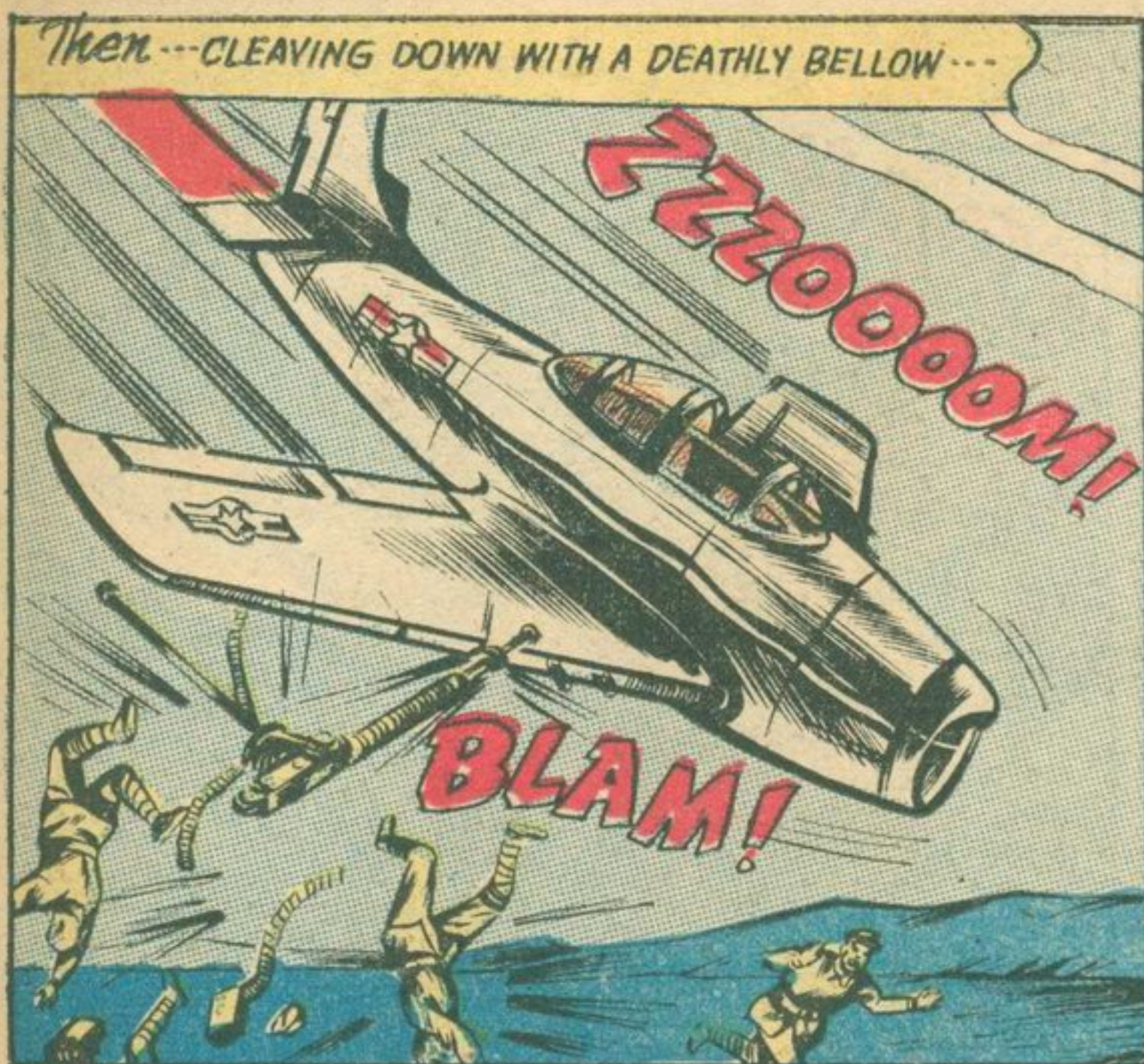




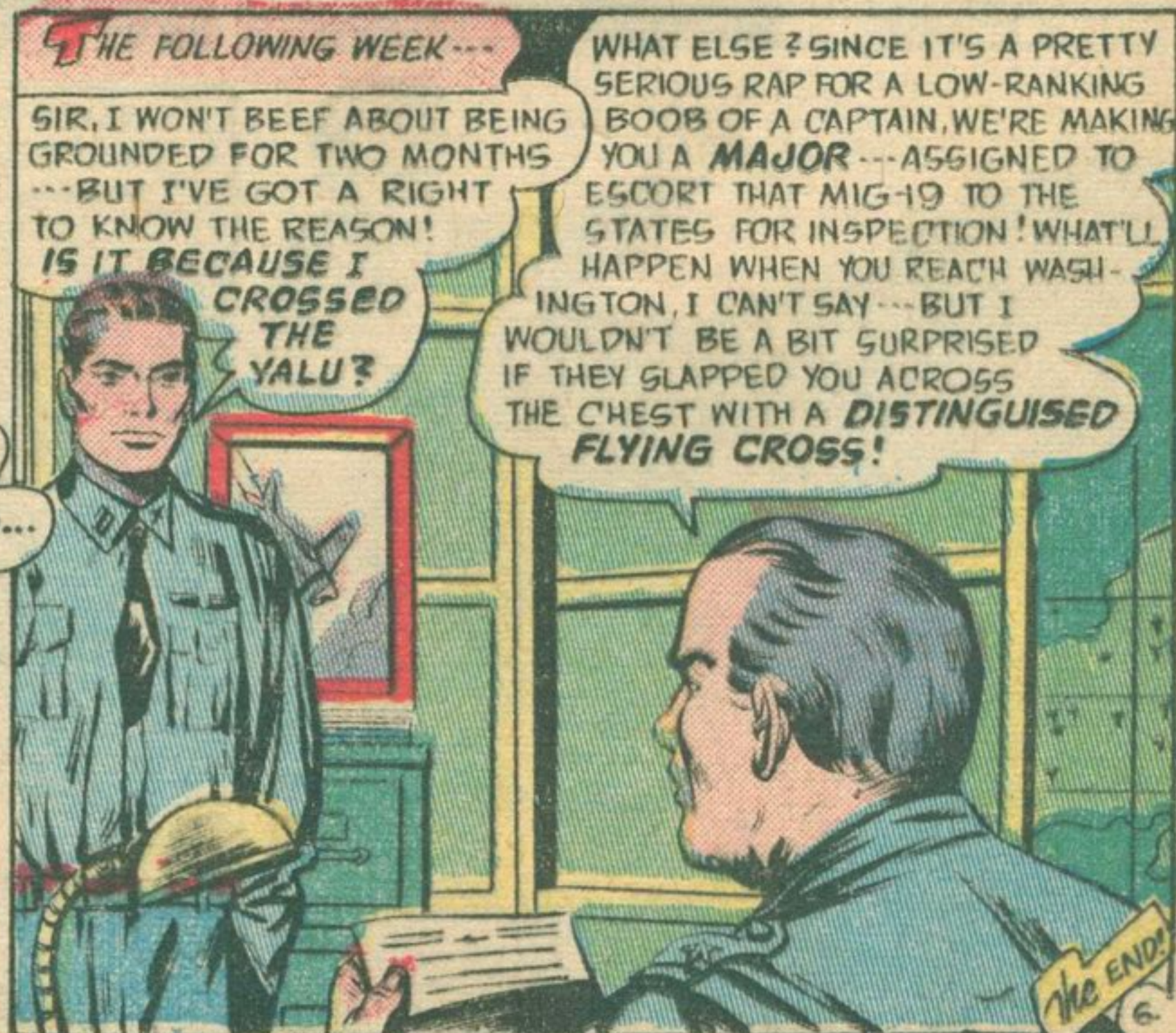
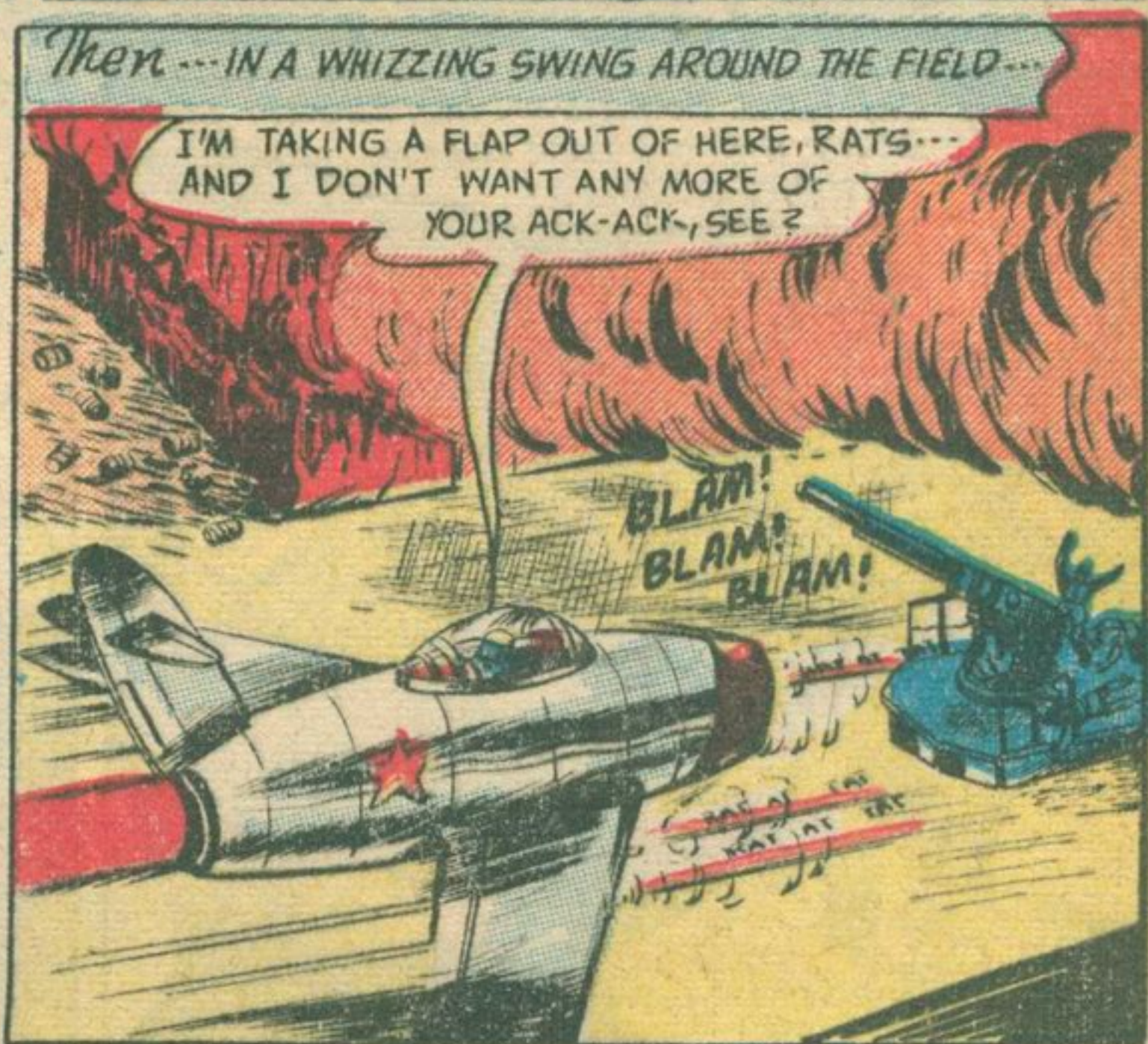
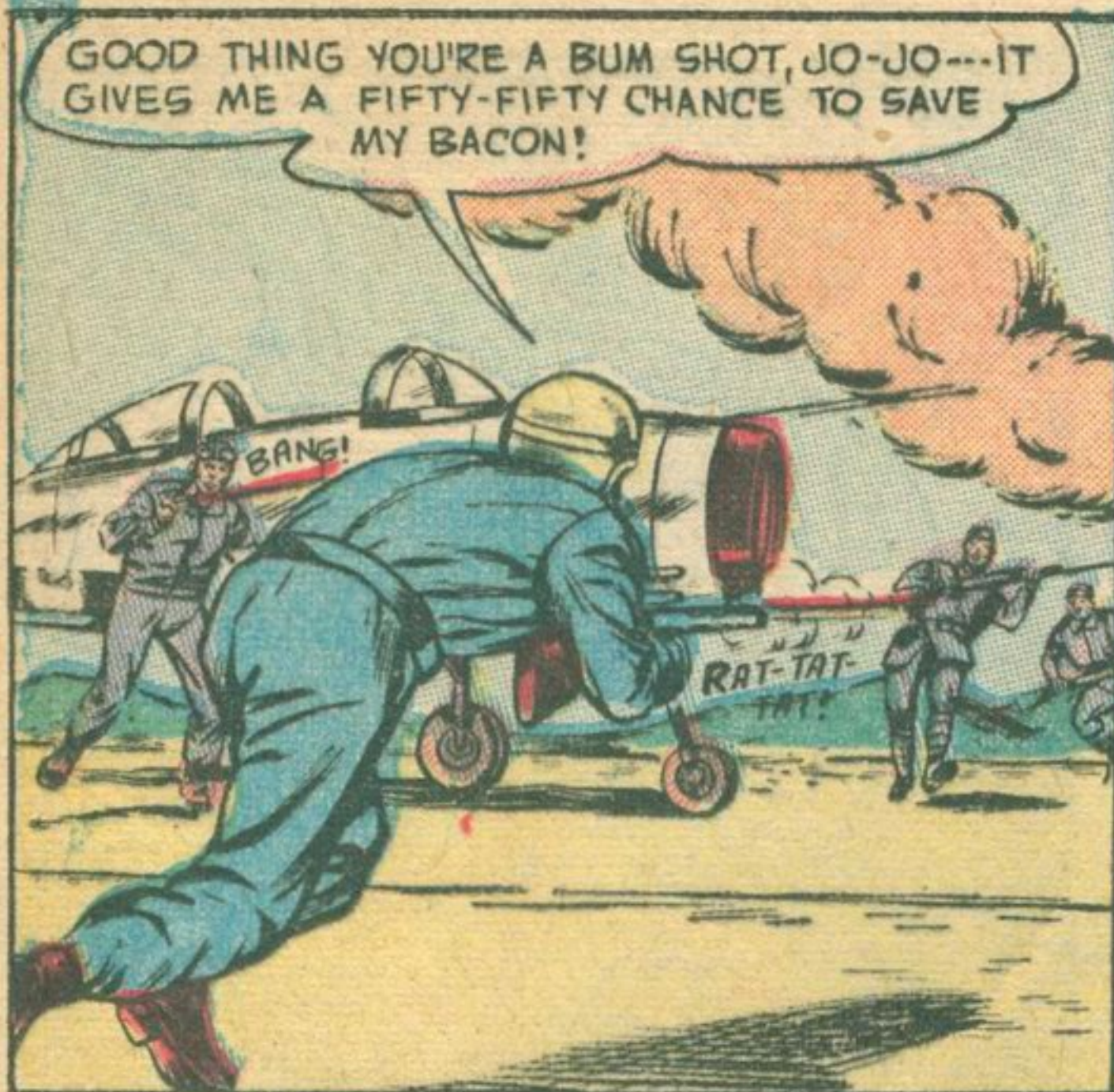
**A** MOMENT LATER ---AT THREE THOUSAND FEET---











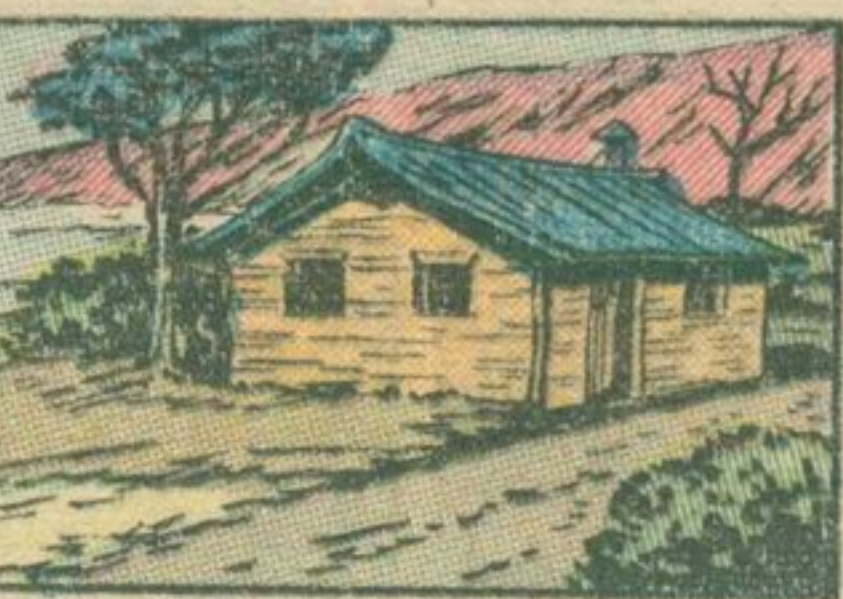


**T**HE DRY TASTE OF FEAR IS  
IN YOUR MOUTH, BUT IT  
DOESN'T BOTHER YOU THE  
WAY IT DID AT THE BEGINNING!  
YOU'RE A **VETERAN**  
NOW! YOU HIT THE BEACH  
AT INCHO! AND FILLED YOUR  
CANTEEN WITH THE MUDDY  
WATERS THAT FEED THE YALU!  
YOU'VE RETREATED, ADVANCED,  
RETREATED AGAIN! NOW  
YOU'RE ON THE ROAD BACK  
AND THE ORDER HOLDS  
STEADY! KEEP MOVING...  
**KEEP MOVING!**

# KEEP MOVING



**Y**OU CAN TELL THE ENEMY IS  
NEARBY! IT'S THE WAY YOUR  
FLESH STIFFENS, THE TINGLING  
SENSATION AS THE SMALL HAIRS  
RISE ALONG THE NAPE OF YOUR  
NECK! PERHAPS IT'S THIS  
INNOCENT LOOKING FARMHOUSE...



**O**R THAT NAKED  
TREE WITH THE  
RUBBLE PILED  
BENEATH IT...





NOW YOU KNOW, AND THE REFLEXES TAKE OVER! YOU BRING YOUR HEAD DOWN AND LEAP FOR COVER--



YOU HIT IT WITH ALL YOU'VE GOT, THEN BEAR DOWN SOME MORE! IT'S YELLOW, SLIMY MUD, BUT IT'S EARTH, THE GREAT PROTECTIVE MOTHER! THE SHELLS LOB AND YOU PRAY--

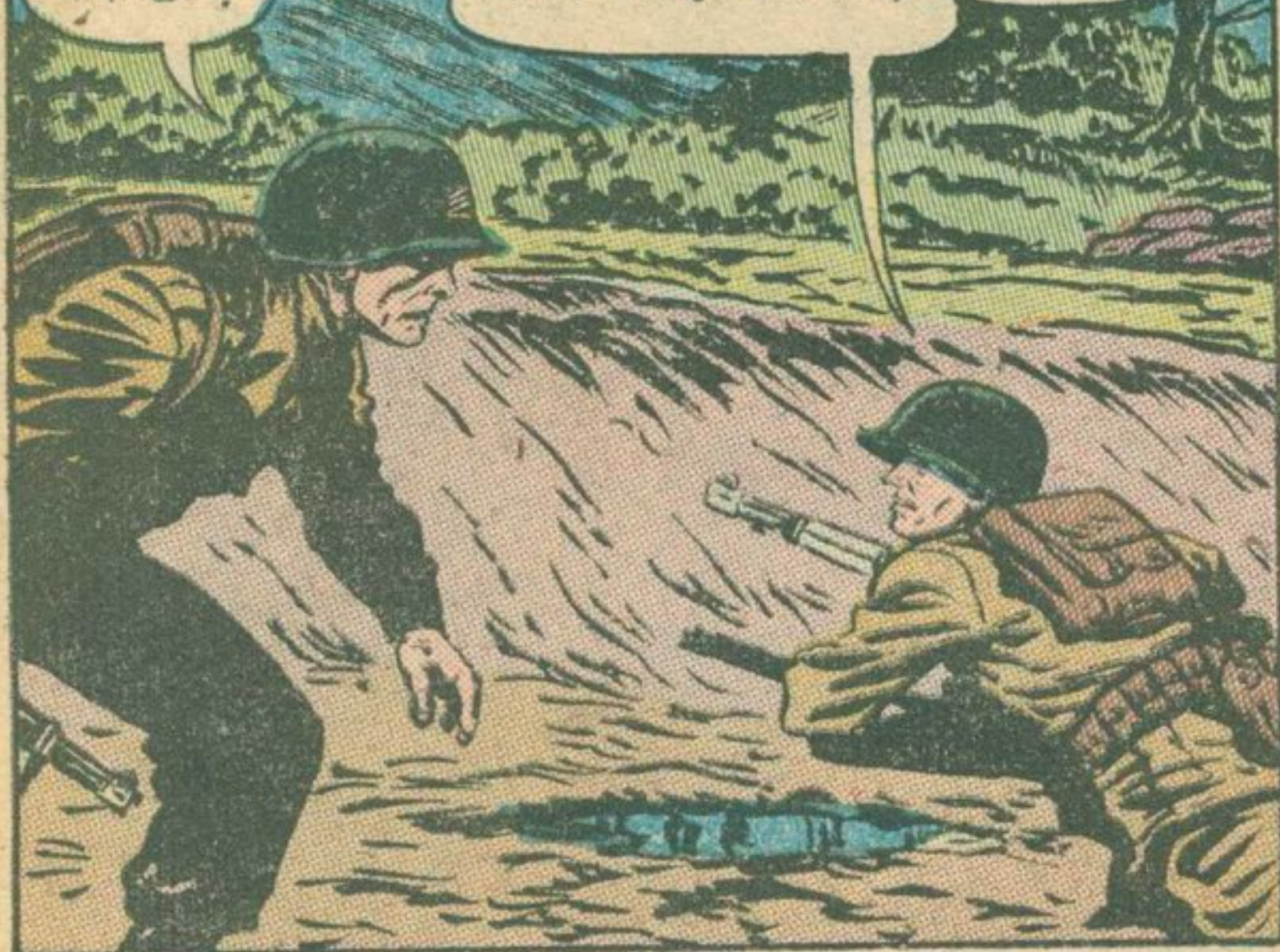


BUT YOU CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER! YOU KNOW THE ORDERS, BOY! KEEP MOVING ...KEEP MOVING!



DID YOU SPOT 'EM, TANEY?

I THINK THEY'RE BEHIND THE BUSHES-- TO THE LEFT OF THE TREE! DON'T KNOW HOW MANY!

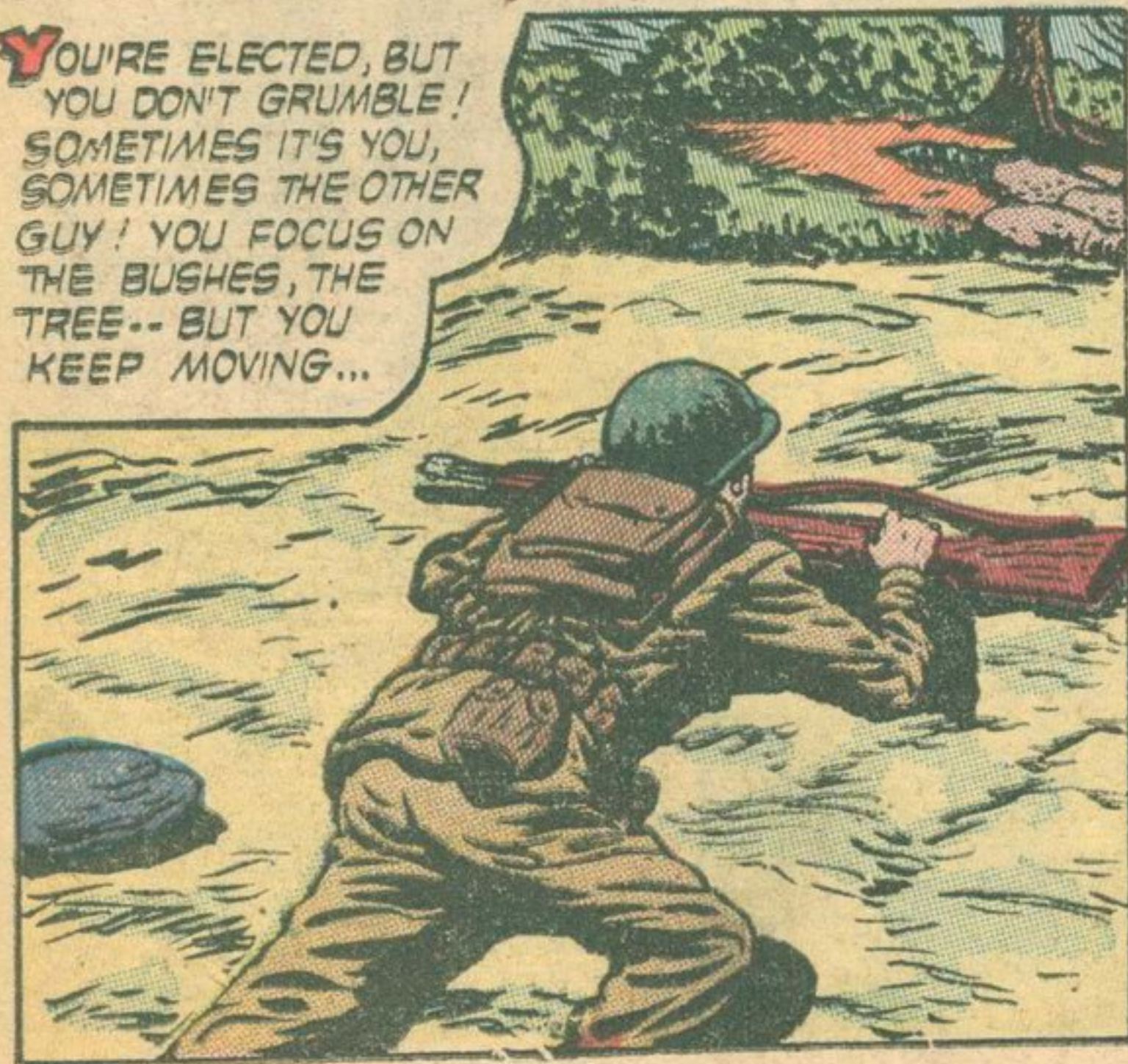


WE CAN'T GET BOGGED DOWN **HERE!** ROOT 'EM OUT! TRY WORMIN' YOUR WAY FORWARD-- I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE COVERED!

ROGER!



**Y**OU'RE ELECTED, BUT YOU DON'T GRUMBLE! SOMETIMES IT'S YOU, SOMETIMES THE OTHER GUY! YOU FOCUS ON THE BUSHES, THE TREE-- BUT YOU KEEP MOVING...



BUT OTHER EYES ARE FOCUSED TOO! YELLOW, UNBLINKING EYES! THROUGH SLANTED LIDS THEY WATCH YOU COME CLOSER AND CLOSER...





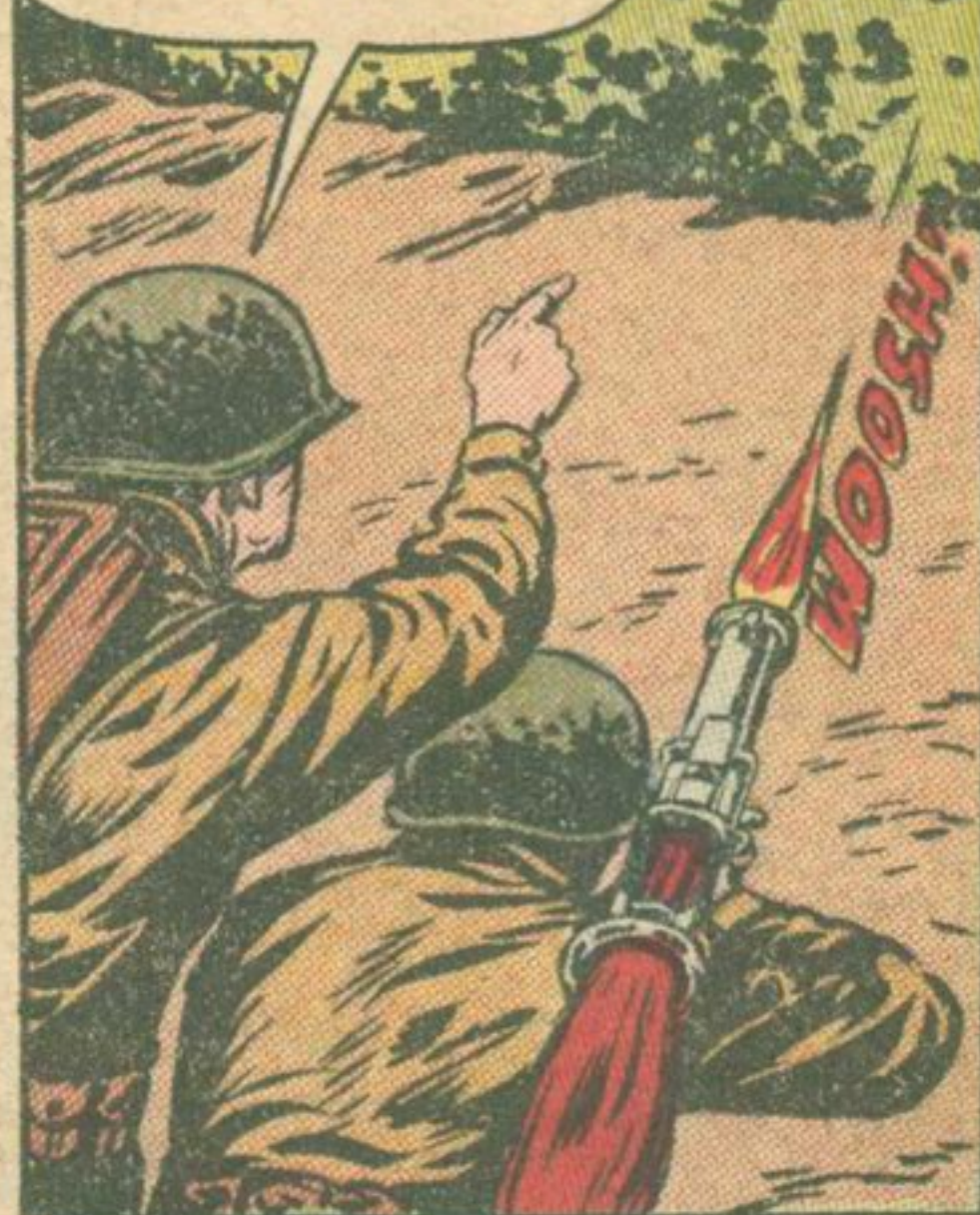
**THIS IS IT, AND IT HAPPENS FAST!**  
 EVERY SENSE IS AROUSED! YOU HEAR,  
 SEE, FEEL, TREMBLE, AS ALL AT ONCE...



**BUT YOU STILL FUNCTION!**  
 YOU'RE A VETERAN...



**THEY'RE IN THOSE  
 BUSHES, ALL RIGHT!**  
**LET 'EM HAVE IT!**



**FOR THE MOMENT IT'S OVER AND YOU KNOW YOU'VE BEEN  
 LUCKY! A CHILLING BREEZE BLOWS OVER YOUR CLAM-  
 MY CLOTHES AS THE OTHERS COME FORWARD...**

**NO TIME FOR A BREAK  
 NOW, TANEY! ORDERS  
 ARE TO KEEP  
 MOVING!**

**I-- KNOW THE  
 ORDERS, SARGE!**



**YOU COULD HAVE USED THAT BREAK, BUT THEN  
 THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS YOU COULD USE!**  
 A GOOD HOT BATH-- A HOME COOKED MEAL...

**WHAT'S  
 UP,  
 SARGE?**

**I DUNNO-- THAT PATCH OF  
 EARTH UP AHEAD LOOKS  
 FUNNY! KINDA LIKE--  
 WAIT A MINUTE!**



**TAKE  
 A LOOK  
 HERE!**

**TANK MARKS!  
 AND IT'S A  
 BIG ONE!**

**IT'S A RED  
 T-34-- BUT  
 WHERE?**





WHERE? YOU ASK YOURSELF THE SAME QUESTION ALONG WITH THE OTHERS! THIS IS THE THING YOU DREAD MOST OF ALL -- THE DRAGON OF OLD IN MODERN DRESS! COMPLETE WITH FIERY BREATH AND SCALES OF HARDENED STEEL...

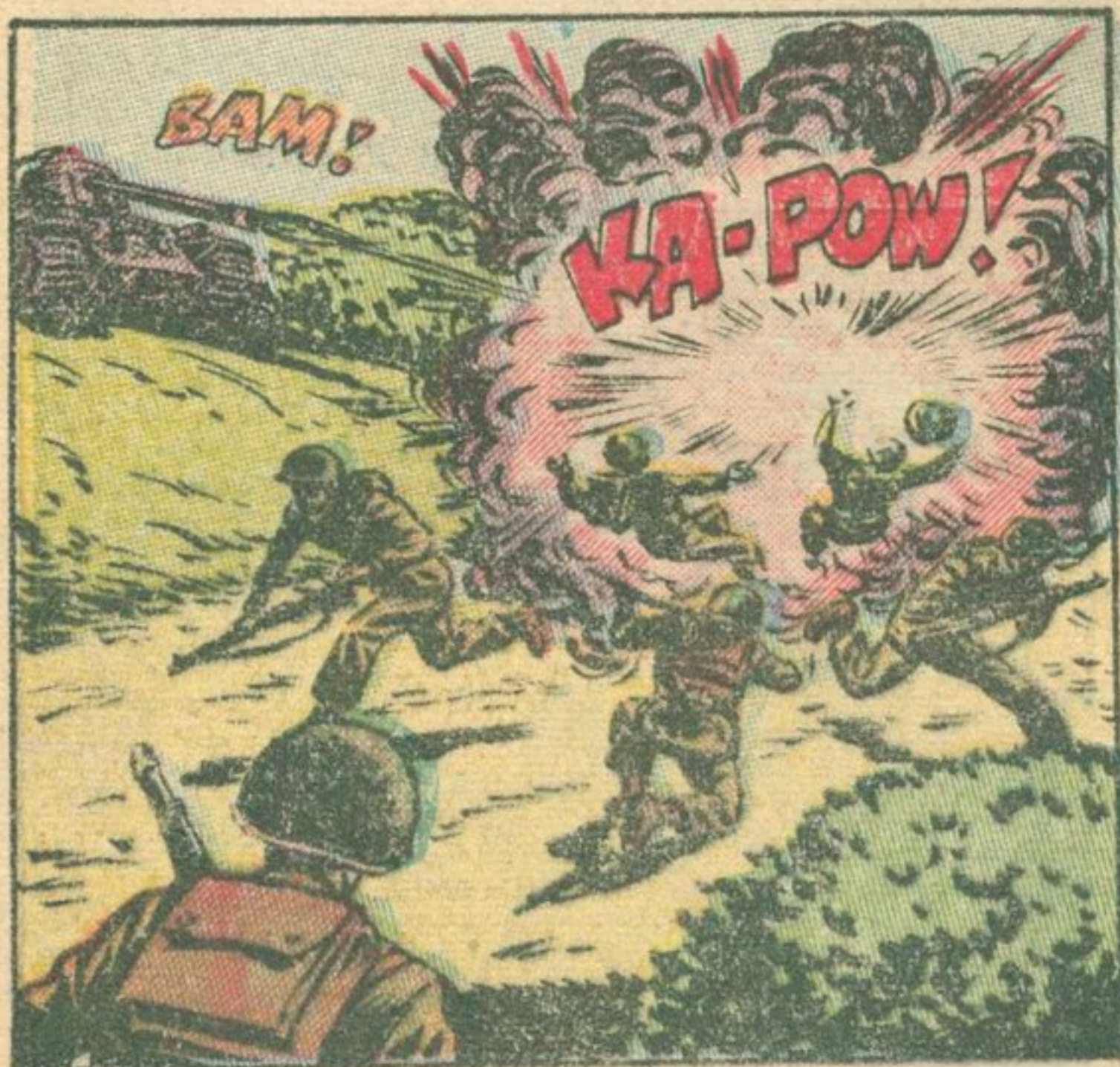
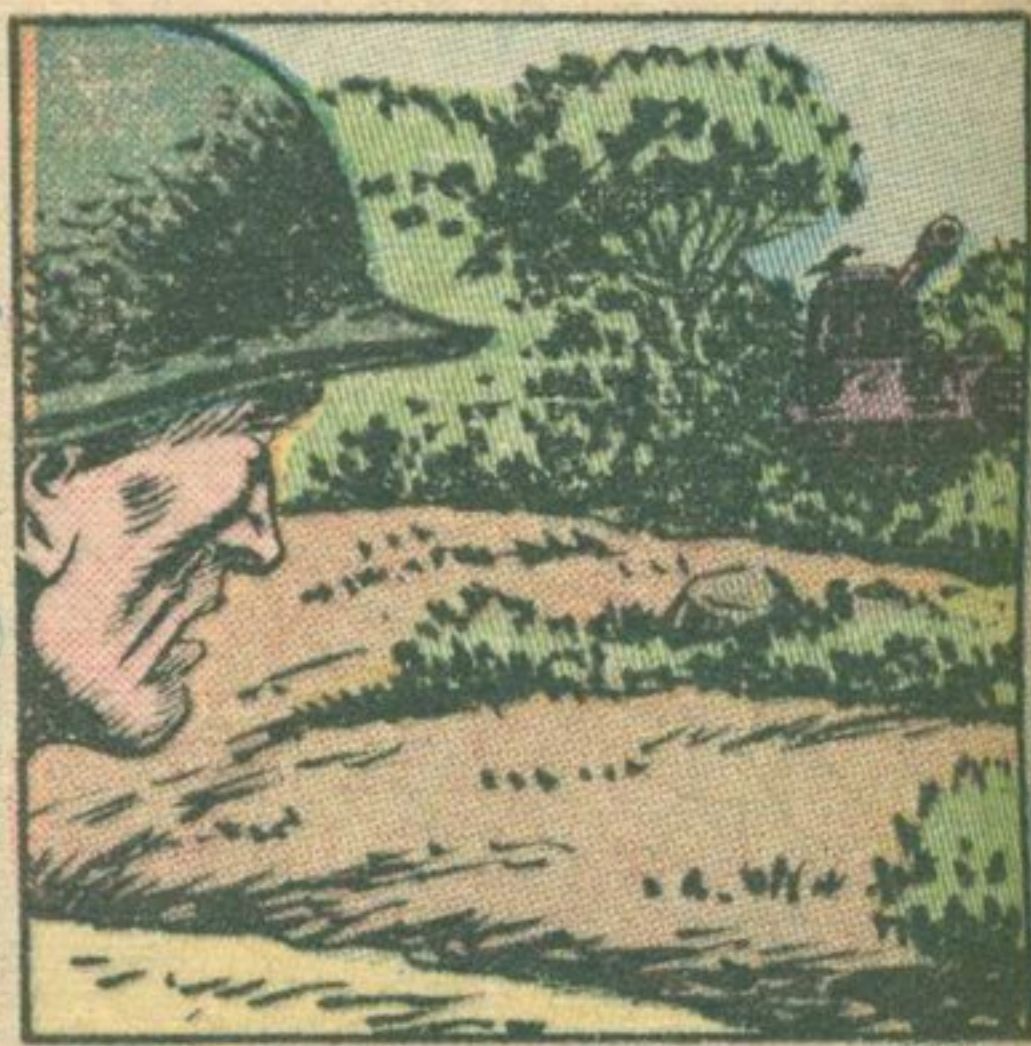
NO MORE RETREATIN'-- THIS IS AN **ADVANCE!** WE KEEP MOVIN' TILL---

**SARGE!**  
HERE IT COMES!

YOU WATCH IT LUMBER FORWARD WITH HORRIFIED FASCINATION, ITS 90 MM CANNON SWINGING IN A SHORT, NERVOUS ARC! THE AIR PULSATES LIKE A TAUT STRING AND YOUR HEART HAMMERS LIKE A THING GONE MAD...

WE BETTER SCRAM BACK, SARGE! SUPPOSIN' THAT TANK SPOTS US?

NO ONE'S SCRAMMIN' OUTA HERE! OUR ORDERS ARE TO KEEP MOVIN'-- AN' THE DIRECTION IS **NORTH!** THAT CLEAR, HAYNES?



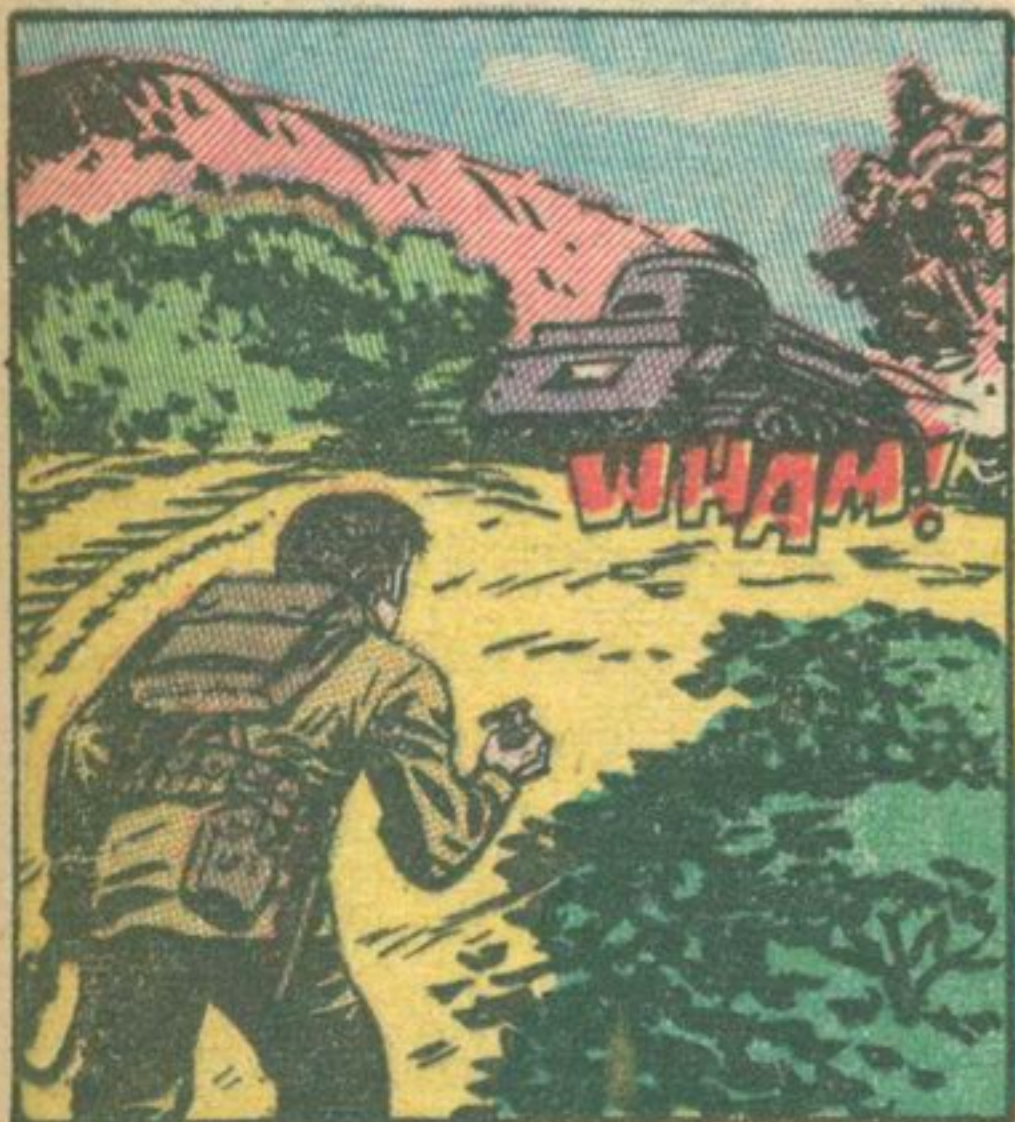
THIS ISN'T NEW! YOU'RE A **VETERAN**, TANEY! YOU'VE SEEN THEM DIE BEFORE, AND YOU'LL SEE THEM DIE AGAIN! DON'T LOOK, BOY-- CONCENTRATE ON THAT TANK! IT'S STILL OUT THERE... WAITING...

SOMEHOW YOU TEAR YOUR EYES AWAY AND FOCUS AGAIN ON THE **DRAGON!** THE DEAFENING CRASH OF THE BIG GUN SPLITS YOUR EARDRUMS, BUT YOU WATCH, THINK, PLAN...





SOMETHING CLICKS INSIDE YOUR HEAD, AND YOU START FORWARD! WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH YOU, ANYWAY? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? DAVID GOING FORTH AGAINST GOLIATH?



THERE'S NO REASONING LEFT NOW-- JUST A BUNDLE OF TRAINED REFLEXES! YOU YANK OUT THE PIN, BRACE YOUR LEGS, AND HEAVE...



YOU TOOK THE MILLION TO ONE SHOT AND IT PAID OFF! THE OIL STREAKED FLAMES SHOOT UP-- THERE'S A RASP OF METAL! A FLAMING BODY EMERGES! THE DRAGON'S SOUL CRIES OUT IN AGONY, BUT YOU'RE READY...



YOU TRY TO MOVE, BUT YOU CAN'T! YOU SEE THE TANK IN FLAMES, BUT YOUR MIND IS ELSEWHERE! YOU SEE YOURSELF AS A BOY, THE HOUSE YOU LIVED IN! THE PICTURES COME FASTER... FASTER... YOU KNOW YOU'RE THROUGH! BUT YOU'VE DONE IT FOR THE DEMOCRACY YOU LOVE... YOU'D DO IT AGAIN...



YEAH... WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE HIM FOR THE MEDICS! THEY'LL BE COMIN' THROUGH SOON NOW...

HE'S DEAD, SARGE!



THE SIGHTLESS EYES STARE SKYWARD! THE SHUFFLING FEET HEAD NORTH! THE ORDER STILL HOLDS--



OKAY, MEN-- LET'S GO! KEEP MOVIN'... KEEP MOVIN'!

THE END



# The **DESERTER**

CHOU SUNG LOOKED carefully around to make sure no one was watching. Then he bent swiftly down behind the large boulder. In the distance, he could hear his comrades boisterously getting drunk on the rice wine that was always liberally handed out on the eve of an attack...but this was one attack that Chou was determined not to be in on.

Surreptitiously, he drew the tattered leaflet out of his tunic pocket and smoothed the folds out on the ground. His eyes were eager, almost greedy, as they read for the twentieth time the Chinese characters that spelled out the invitation for all Communist troops to surrender and receive good food and good treatment for the remainder of the war in Korea.

Leaflets like these had been scattered by the countless thousands behind the Communist lines. They had been dropped by planes and fired out of cannons until there was scarcely a soldier at the front who hadn't seen one of the white papers floating on the wind or lying on the ground...but it meant instant execution for anyone caught reading one of the leaflets or having it in his possession. The political commissars with the pistols in their belts were everywhere, and they had the power to shoot suspected traitors on sight...a power which they exercised freely and frequently.

It had taken a great deal of courage for Chou to stuff one of the leaflets in his pocket last night. He had been one of the members of a leaflet-burning detail, and even though he was sure no one had seen him keep one of the leaflets, it had made him tremble each time he realized he had his own death warrant in his pocket.

Now, Chou read the leaflet over and over again, nodding in agreement at the words which accused the Communist lead-

ers of being power-mad, ruthless men who were willing to sacrifice millions of their countrymen's lives in their quest for world domination. Chou remembered only too well just *how* ruthless the Reds had been when they had been ordered by their commanders to slay innocent civilians by the thousands the first time they had invaded South Korea.

There were a few men like him, Chou knew, who were peace-loving and war-hating, but they never dared speak their minds. But now Chou had had his fill of war. No longer would he be forced to get drunk on rice wine before attacking in the face of murderous fire from American infantrymen. Never again would he cower like a terrified, hunted animal in his hole while American shells screamed overhead. No more would he run screaming from the flaming rivers of napalm dropped by American pilots. Never again would he have to flee in trembling panic from a bayonet charge of American marines.

For the final time, Chou read the words which said that U. N. outposts had been ordered not to fire on Communist soldiers who came to their lines with the surrender leaflets instead of weapons in their hands. The words were engraved in his mind...now was the time to act.

Leaving his rifle on the ground near the boulder, Chou gripped the leaflet tightly in one hand and started to run toward the Americans' positions. He ran crouched over, so that the first shot from behind caught him in the thigh.

Weakly, Chou rolled over and saw the political commissar walking toward him, smoking pistol in hand. And Chou Sung's last thought just before the commissar shot him through the head was that yes, never again would he have to face the murderous fire of American troops.



**N**O MAN OF ACTION WAS FAT, EASY-GOING ALVIN O'KEEFE, THE COMPANY COOK. NOT UNTIL HIS CHERISHED PLANS FOR A THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER WERE THREATENED AND HE FOUND HIMSELF WITHOUT A...

# BIRD IN HAND



ALVIN'S OUTFIT WAS STATIONED IN A QUIET SECTOR OF KOREA, WITH LITTLE OR NO CONTACT WITH THE ENEMY. THERE WAS NO ACTION... BUT ALVIN WAS HAPPY WITH HIS POTS AND PANS...

COME AN' GET IT, FELLAS!



WE WON'T GET ANY THANKSGIVING DINNER THIS YEAR PARKED WAY OUT HERE... THAT'S FOR SURE!

CAN'T TELL! OLD ALVIN'S LIABLE TO TURN UP WITH TURKEY AN' ALL TH' TRIMMIN'S!

GLORY BE! THANKSGIVING'S COMIN'! I'D CLEAN FOR-GOTTEN!



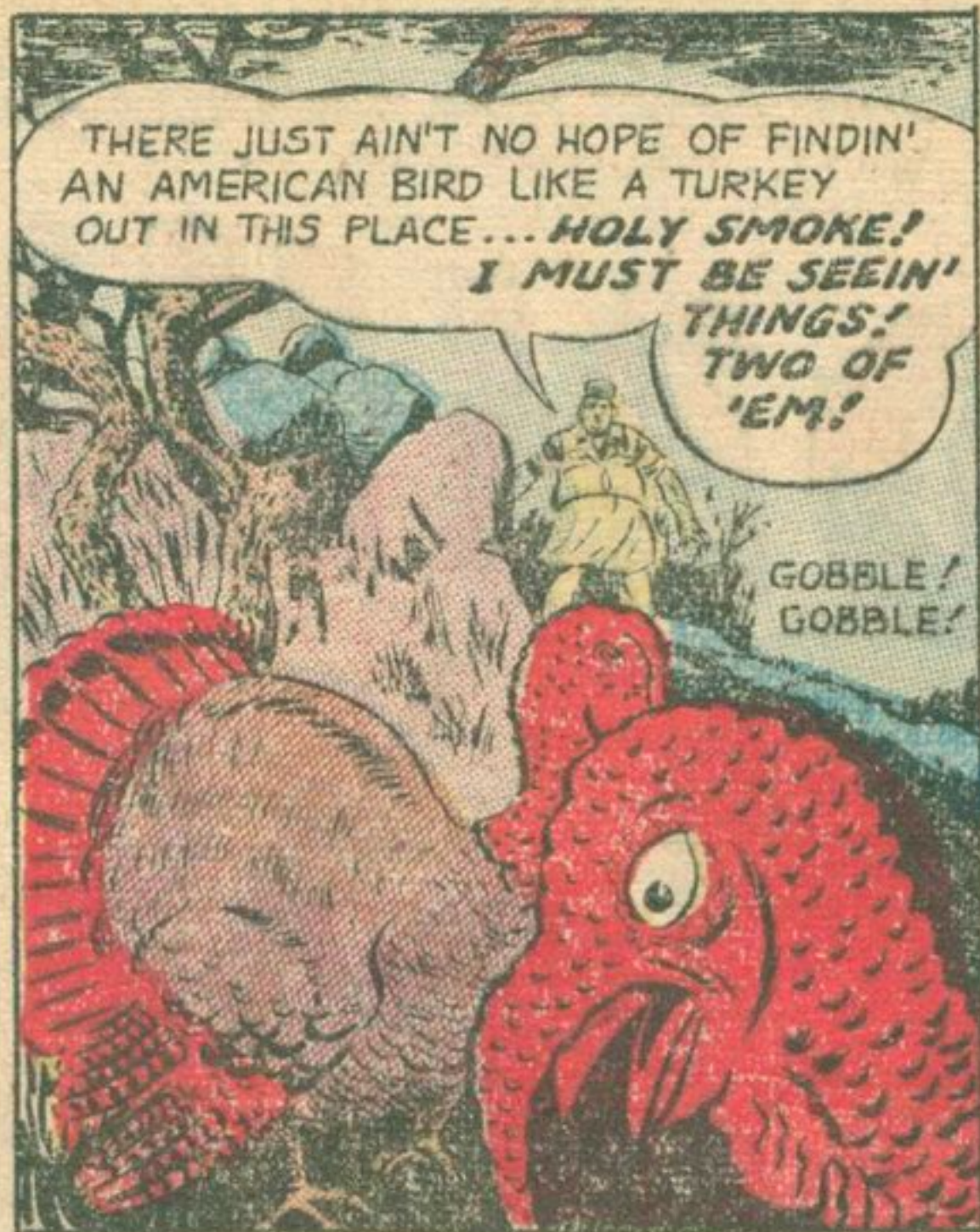
I'VE GOTTA HAVE A BANG-UP DINNER FER MY BOYS... I'VE JUST GOTTA! BUT WHERE AM I EVER GONNA FIND TURKEYS?





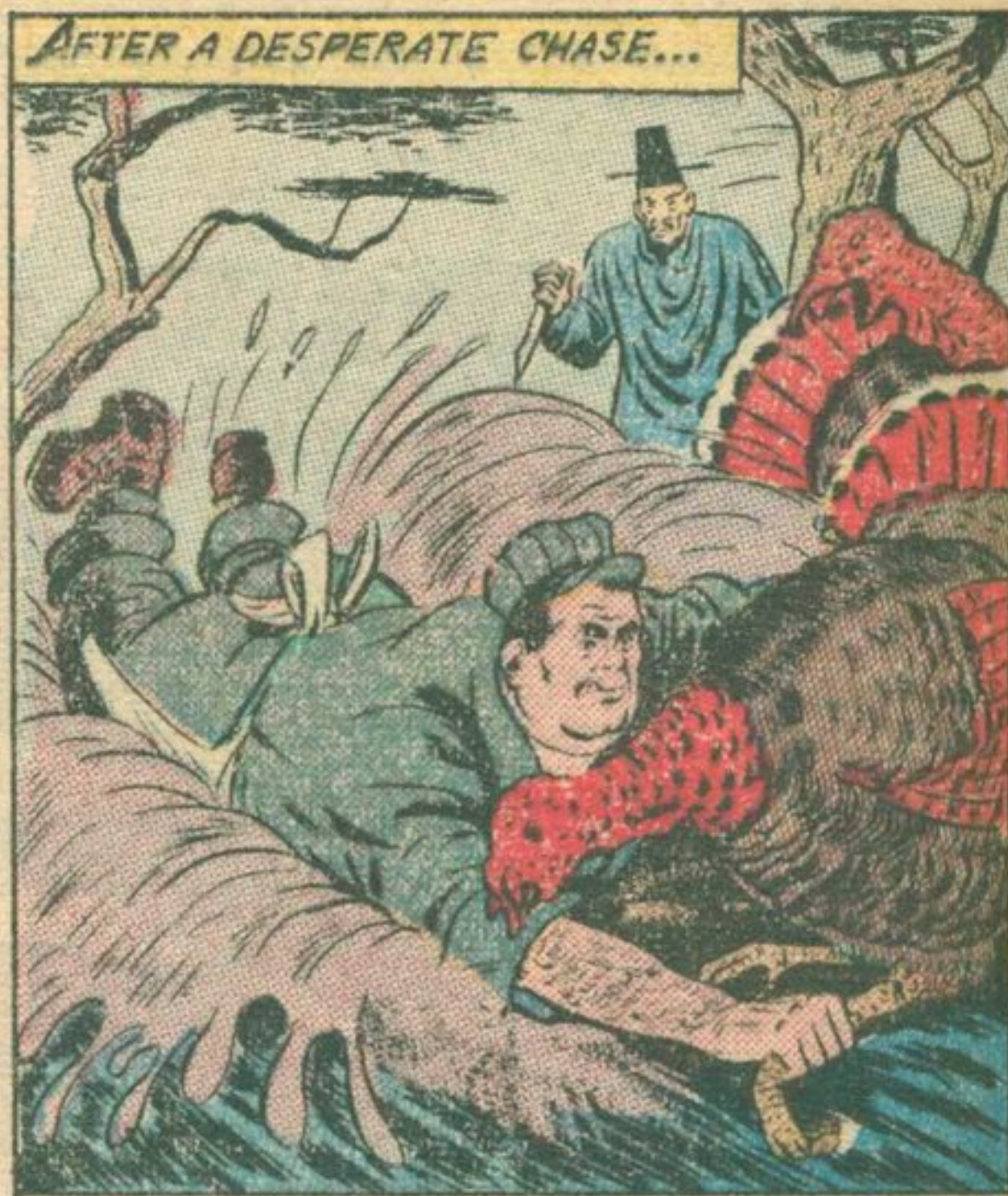


AND SO, IN EVERY AVAILABLE FREE MOMENT, ALVIN SCROUNGED AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE ... BUT WITH NO SUCCESS! THEN ONE DAY, AS HE WAS RETURNING FROM A FUTILE VISIT TO A DISTANT VILLAGE...



THERE JUST AIN'T NO HOPE OF FINDIN' AN AMERICAN BIRD LIKE A TURKEY OUT IN THIS PLACE... **HOLY SMOKE! I MUST BE SEEIN' THINGS! TWO OF 'EM!**

GOBBLE! GOBBLE!



AFTER A DESPERATE CHASE...



YOU NO STEAL TURKEY BIRDS! THEY **MINE!**

P-PUT THAT THING AWAY, MISTER... IT **SCARES** ME! I'LL **BUY** TH' TURKEYS FROM YUH! I'LL PAY ANY PRICE YUH ASK!



'MERICAN MISSIONARY GIVE ME TURKEY BIRDS WHEN HE LEAVE! I NOT SELL... I KEEP FOR PETS!

BUT LOOK! **MONEY!** MUCH MONEY!



FINALLY, AFTER MUCH HAGGLING, A DEAL WAS MADE...

**BROTHER!** A MONTH'S PAY AN' MY PANTS! BUT IT'S **WORTH IT!**



ALVIN BUILT A PEN, CAREFULLY NOURISHED HIS CHARGES...

EAT HEARTY, SWEETHEARTS! GET NICE AN' PLUMP!

RESTRICTED AREA  
DO NOT TOUCH  
GO AWAY!

GOBBLE! GOBBLE!

I **TOLD** YUH ALVIN WOULD COME THROUGH!



ALVIN'S CHARGES FLOURISHED AS THANKSGIVING DAY RAPIDLY APPROACHED...

TOMORROW'S YOUR BIG DAY, DARLIN'S! SLEEP WELL!



**BUT NO MATTER HOW ALVIN TRIED, HE COULDN'T SLEEP WELL! HE WAS WORRIED... NOTHING MUST GO WRONG...**



**SLIPPING THROUGH THE DARKNESS, HE MADE HIS WAY TO THE PEN...**



**AND THAT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY RUNNIN'. YEAH! SOME JOKER'S STOLEN THEM TURKEYS. WELL, HE AIN'T GONNA GET AWAY WITH IT!**



**CLUTCHING HIS MEAT CLEAVER, ALVIN RACED IN PURSUIT OF THE RUNNING FOOTSTEPS! HE PLUNGED INTO THE FOREST, WILD WITH RAGE!**

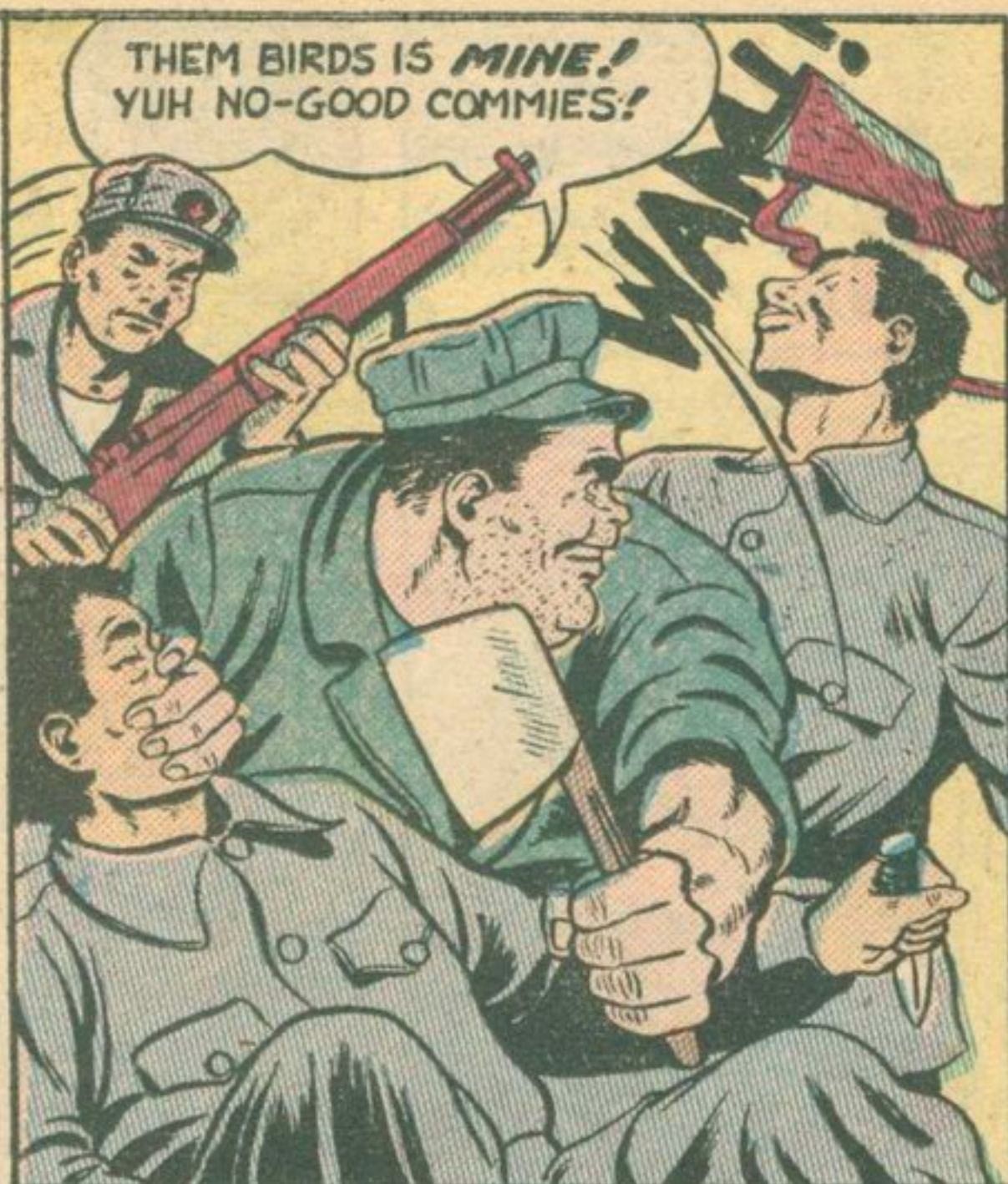


**ALVIN PUT EXTRA SPEED INTO HIS PUMPING LEGS! HE WAS GAINING ON THE MYSTERIOUS PARTY AHEAD! THEN, SUDDENLY, HE BURST INTO A CLEARING...**





THE GROUP OF ENEMY COMBAT TROOPS THAT HAD INFILTRATED THE U.N. LINES WAS THROWN INTO CONFUSION BY THE ABRUPT ON-SLAUGHT OF THE INFURIATED COOK!



THEM BIRDS IS *MINE!*  
YUH NO-GOOD COMMIES!



WITH WILD RAGE SURMOUNTING CAUTION...

**POW!**  
**THUD**  
**GOK!**



BACK IN CAMP...

SOUNDS LIKE A BIG FIGHT OUT IN THE WOODS... THE REDS MAY BE SPRINGING A SURPRISE ATTACK! COME ON!



HOLY NELLY! WILL YOU LOOK!

IT'S **ALVIN!**

HE'S CLEANED UP THE WHOLE OUTFIT!



DID NASTY RED MANS HURT ALVIN'S PWECIOUS LI'L APPLE DUMPLIN'S

GOBBLE! GOBBLE!



THANKSGIVING DAY...

NO DINNER WILL BE EATEN! THAT'S AN ORDER!

**HUH!**



NO DINNER WILL BE EATEN... UNTIL I PIN THIS SILVER STAR ON OUR BATTLING COOK... ALVIN O'KEEFE!

'RAY FOR ALVIN!

The End



# HITTING THE SILK!

WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE TO HIT THE SILK, TO PARACHUTE INTO SPACE BEHIND ENEMY LINES? WELL, TAKE IT FROM A VETERAN WHO'S MADE DROPS IN TWO WARS ALL THE WAY FROM SICILY TO KOREA--- HITTING THE SILK IS A **MAN'S JOB!**



FIRST OFF, WHEN THE ALERT LIGHT FLASHES IN THE TROOP-CARRYING PLANE, AND YOU LOOK DOWN AT MOTHER EARTH SO FAR BELOW-- YOU START TO SWEAT AND YOUR STOMACH DOES FLIP-FLOPS IN TIME WITH YOUR HEART!

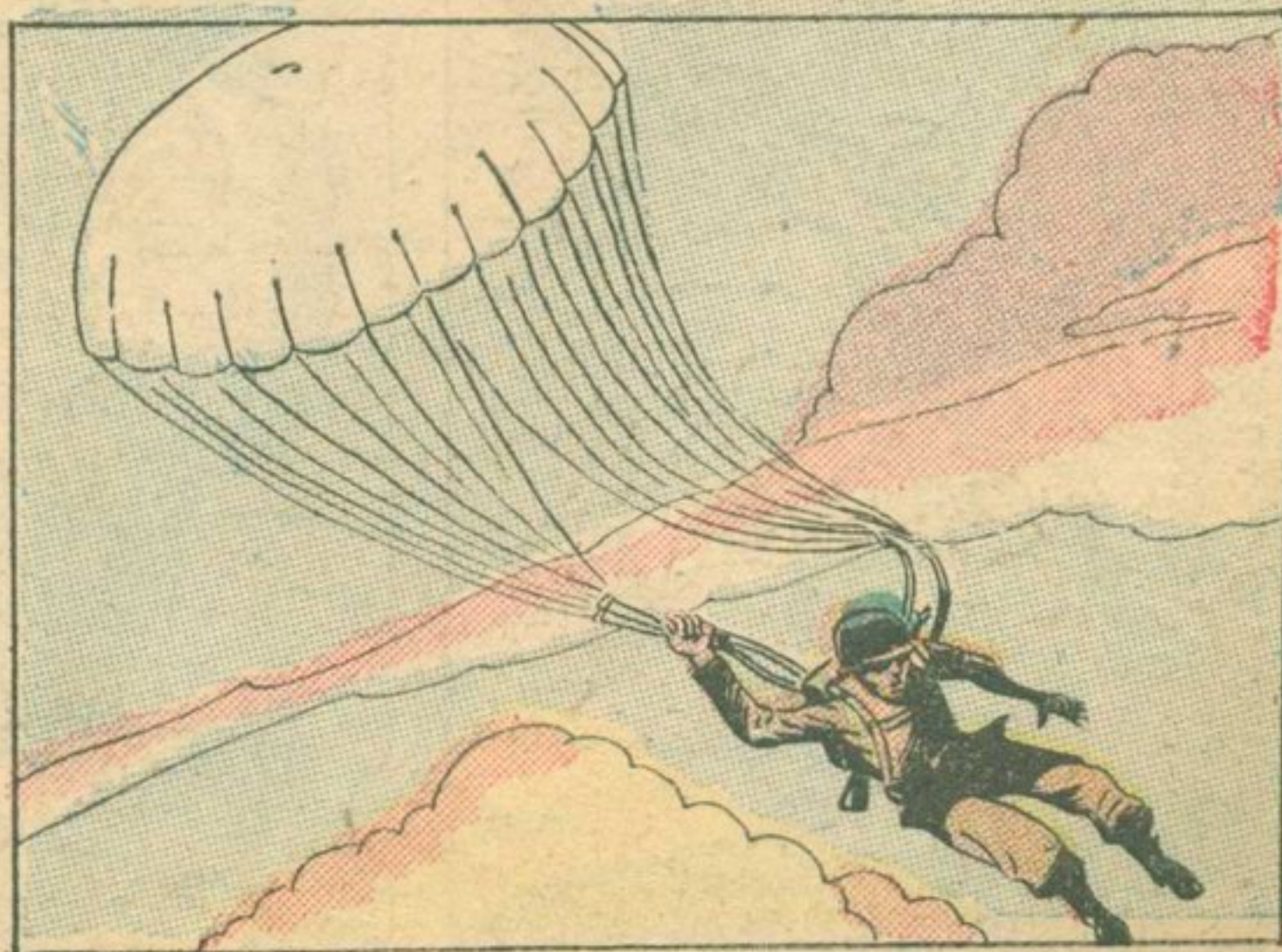
THE BUZZER SOUNDS BEHIND YOU---AND YOU'VE GOT NO MORE TIME FOR THOUGHTS! YOU DON'T JUMP--- YOU JUST STEP OUT INTO NOTHINGNESS --- A STEP THAT MAY BE YOUR LAST!

WHAT IF MY CHUTE DOESN'T **OPEN**... WHAT IF IT'S FAULTY? THEY SAY ONLY ONE IN THOUSANDS DOESN'T WORK --- BUT WHAT IF **MINE** IS THAT ONE?



FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY, BUT IS ACTUALLY ONLY A FEW BRIEF MOMENTS, YOU PLUNGE HEADLONG IN A FREE FALL WITH THE WIND SCREAMING AT YOU OUTSIDE AND YOUR HEART SCREAMING INSIDE! YOU DON'T WANT TO DIE, YOU WANT TO LIVE... **LIVE!**

**But** THEN, THE BLESSED MOMENT COMES! YOUR CHUTE OPENS --- YES, IT **OPENED!** FIRST THERE'S A SUDDEN JAR AND WRENCHING, AS YOUR HEAD-LONG PLUNGE IS SLOWED --- AND THEN YOU'RE FLOATING DOWN BENEATH A VAST EXPANSE OF SILK --- TO AN UNCERTAIN FATE BELOW!





THERE ARE STILL PLENTY OF PERILS AHEAD --- EVEN FROM YOUR OWN BUDDIES! IF ONE OF THE OTHER CHUTISTS GETS CLOSE ENOUGH SO THAT YOUR LINES OR SILKS CAN TANGLE --- ONE OR BOTH CHUTES MAY COLLAPSE, SENDING YOU HURLING TO CERTAIN DEATH BELOW! TO AVOID THAT DANGER...

WE'RE GETTING TOO CLOSE... LET'S GRAB HOLD OF EACH OTHER!



BY DOING THAT, YOU PREVENT THE CHUTES AND LINES FROM CROSSING OR COLLIDING --- AND YOU SAVE YOUR LIFE!



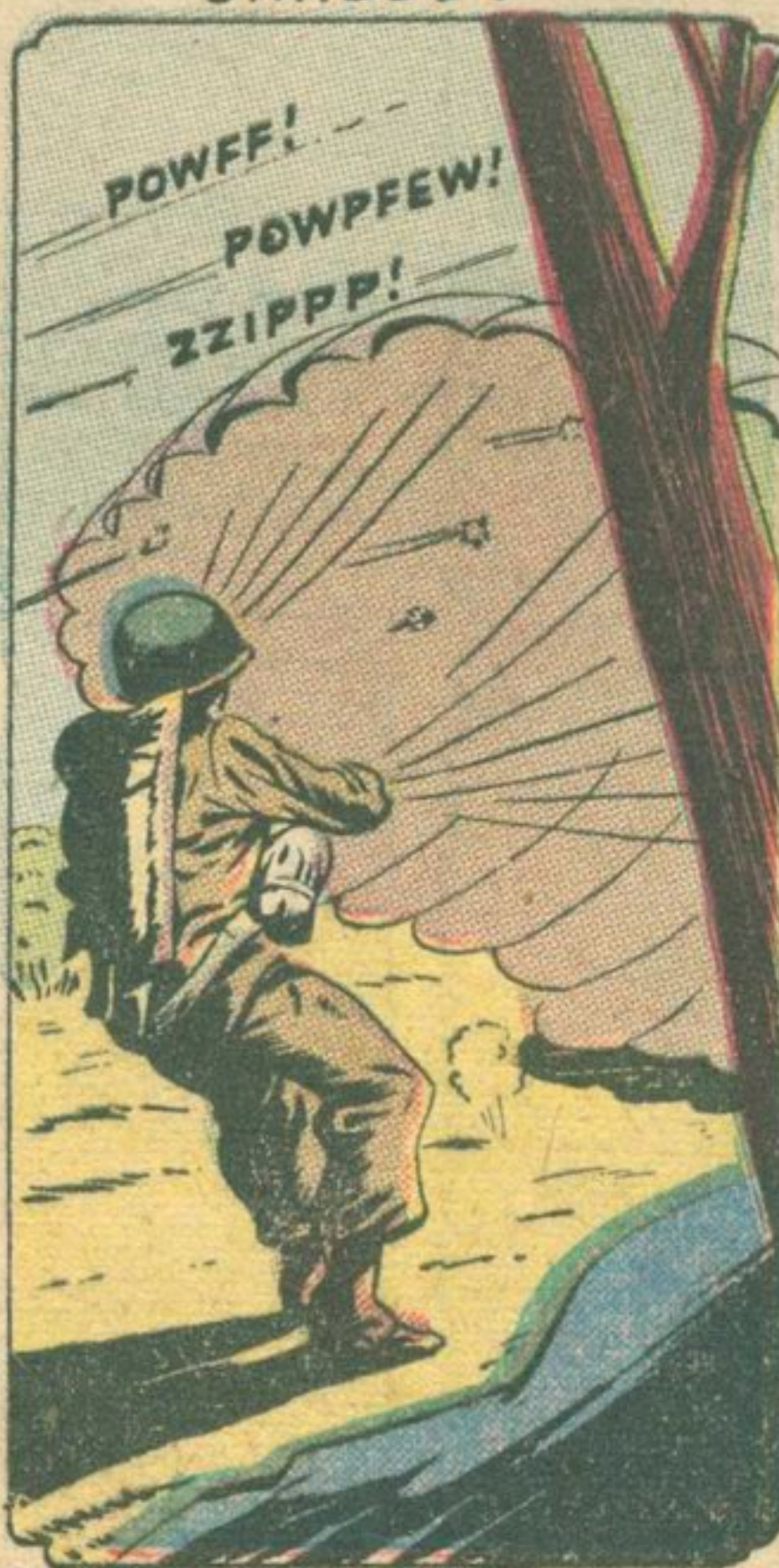
SINCE YOUR LANDING BEHIND ENEMY LINES, THE GREATEST DANGER STILL REMAINS... THE ENEMY! AND BELIEVE ME, YOU SURE FEEL SCARED AND HELPLESS WHEN THOSE MACHINE-GUN BULLETS CRACKLE AROUND YOU!



IF YOU MAKE IT SAFELY TO THE GROUND, YOU'D BETTER LAND LIGHTLY, WITH YOUR KNEES BENT TO ABSORB THE SHOCK --- OR ELSE YOU'RE LIABLE TO END UP WITH A PAIR OF BROKEN LEGS, AN EASY PREY FOR AN ENEMY BAYONET!



DON'T LET YOUR PARACHUTE DRAG YOU TOO FAR, BECAUSE YOU CAN'T DO ANY FIGHTING UNTIL YOU'RE FREE OF THAT HARNESS --- AND IF YOU DON'T GET FREE IN A HURRY, YOUR SILK MAY BECOME YOUR SHROUD!



ONCE YOU'RE FREE, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN --- AND IT'S KILL OR BE KILLED!





**P**PRIVATE DAVE CHANDLER WAS A SPECIALIST WITH THE ARMY INFORMATION SERVICE -- ASSIGNED TO PREPARE DAILY BULLETINS FOR NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS! BUT THERE WAS ONE STORY THEY DIDN'T DARE GO AFTER THEMSELVES -- A STORY THAT TOOK DAVE CHANDLER PLOWING THROUGH THE COMMUNIST LINES AS

# The ROUGHHOUSE RAIDER!



NOTHING NEW TO REPORT TODAY, FELLAS -- EXCEPT THE USUAL LIMITED PATROL ACTION!

GOOD THING THE GOOKS AREN'T ADVANCING, DAVE -- YOU MIGHT HAVE TO SWIPE YOUR MIMEOGRAPH FOR A RIFLE!

WHAT'S THAT GUY THINK I'M DOING HERE -- **GOLD-BRICKING?** ONE MORE CRACK LIKE THAT -- AND I'LL PULVERIZE HIM!

HOLD IT, CHUM -- HERE'S SOMETHING YOU'LL WANT TO HEAR! WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE IS UP IN KUNGPO INSPECTING A SITE FOR A NEW COMMUNIST PRISON CAMP? **GENERAL YANG AND HIS STAFF!**

YOU MEAN THE TOP BRASS GOOK WHO'S IN CHARGE OF CAPTURED U.N. PERSONNEL? WOW! IF ANYONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR MISSING MEN NOT ON THE CHINESE P.O.W. LISTS -- IT'S **YANG!**

SURE -- AND THE FOLKS BACK HOME ARE CLAMORING FOR THE FACTS! BUT CAN YOU PICTURE ANY OF **US** SLIPPING INTO COMMUNIST TERRITORY FOR AN **INTERVIEW** WITH YANG?

A LOT OF THOSE MISSING FELLOWS WERE PALS OF MINE! I'VE BEEN AN ARMCHAIR INFORMATION EXPERT FOR TEN MONTHS NOW -- AND MAYBE IT'S ABOUT TIME I WENT OUT AND **GOT** SOME ON MY OWN HOOK!







EVEN OUR STATE DEPARTMENT HAS GOTTEN NOTHING BUT THE USUAL COMMUNIST RUN-AROUND ABOUT THOSE MISSING MEN, SIR! OKAY, **NOW** IT'S UP TO THE ARMED FORCES-- **SO HOW ABOUT LETTING ME SLIP UP THERE TO PUT THE SNATCH ON YANG'S RECORDS?**

CHANDLER--FAR BE IT FROM ME TO AUTHORIZE A SCREW-BALL PROJECT LIKE **THAT!** ON THE OTHER HAND, I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING WRONG WITH TRANSFERRING YOU TO COMBAT DUTY--**AND GIVING YOU A TWO-DAY LEAVE--CONCURRENTLY!**



THAT NIGHT --

OKAY--I'VE JUST PASSED OUR NORTHERNMOST POSITION! FROM NOW ON IT'S A MATTER OF DUCKING THE GOOKS--PROCESSING THE ONES I **CAN'T DUCK--AND COVERING THE TWELVE MILES TO KUNGPO!**



SEVERAL MILES BEYOND --

**LOOK! IS MURDERING AMERICAN SAVAGE!**

YIPE! IF I **HAD** TO RUN INTO A RED TANK--WHY WASN'T THE **CREW** DISABLED, TOO?



ON SECOND THOUGHT--MAYBE THEY'RE **GONNA** BE DISABLED!

**BANG!**



IF I CAN REACH THAT TANK WITHOUT THEIR SPOTTING ME, THOSE SLANTS AREN'T GONNA HAVE MUCH LEFT TO SALVAGE--INCLUDING **THEMSELVES!**

**BANG! BANG!**



SEND MOBILE PATROL! **HURRY!**

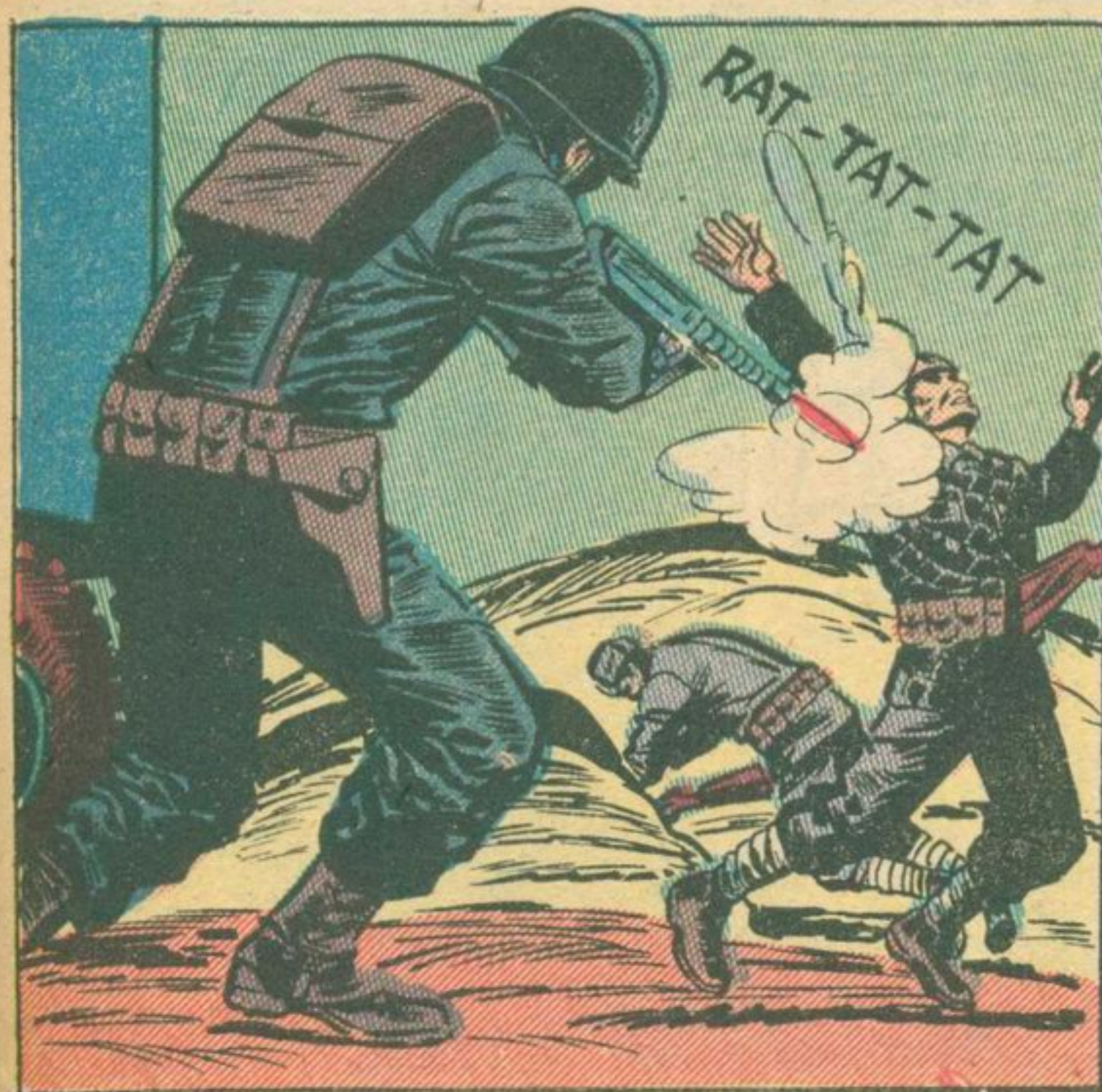
**REINFORCEMENTS!** HOLY SMOKE, WHAT DO THESE CRUMBS THINK I AM--AN **INVASION?**



AS THE REDS STALK CLOSER --

JUST STAY ON YOUR SIDE OF THE TANK, KNUCKLEHEADS--OR YOU'RE GONNA FIND THERE'S A **WAR ON!**









THANKS FOR THE LIFT, RATS!

**CRASH!**



THEN -- HEADING NORTH AT TOP SPEED --

WOW -- RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THEIR RESERVE AREA! BUT IF I KEEP BARRELING ALONG -- WHO'S GONNA KNOW I'M NOT A GOOK?



SOON AFTERWARD -- ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF KUNGPO --

THAT'S IT -- THEY'D BE SURE TO EARMARK THE BEST JOINT IN TOWN FOR YANG! QUESTION IS -- HOW DO I GIVE THAT SENTRY THE BUSINESS WITHOUT GETTING A DOZEN REDS ON MY NECK?



AS LONG AS HE CAN'T SEE MY FACE-- I'LL LET HIM MAKE THE FIRST MOVE!

NAME OF AN UNMENTIONABLE OX -- WHO GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO DRIVE HERE!



**POW!**



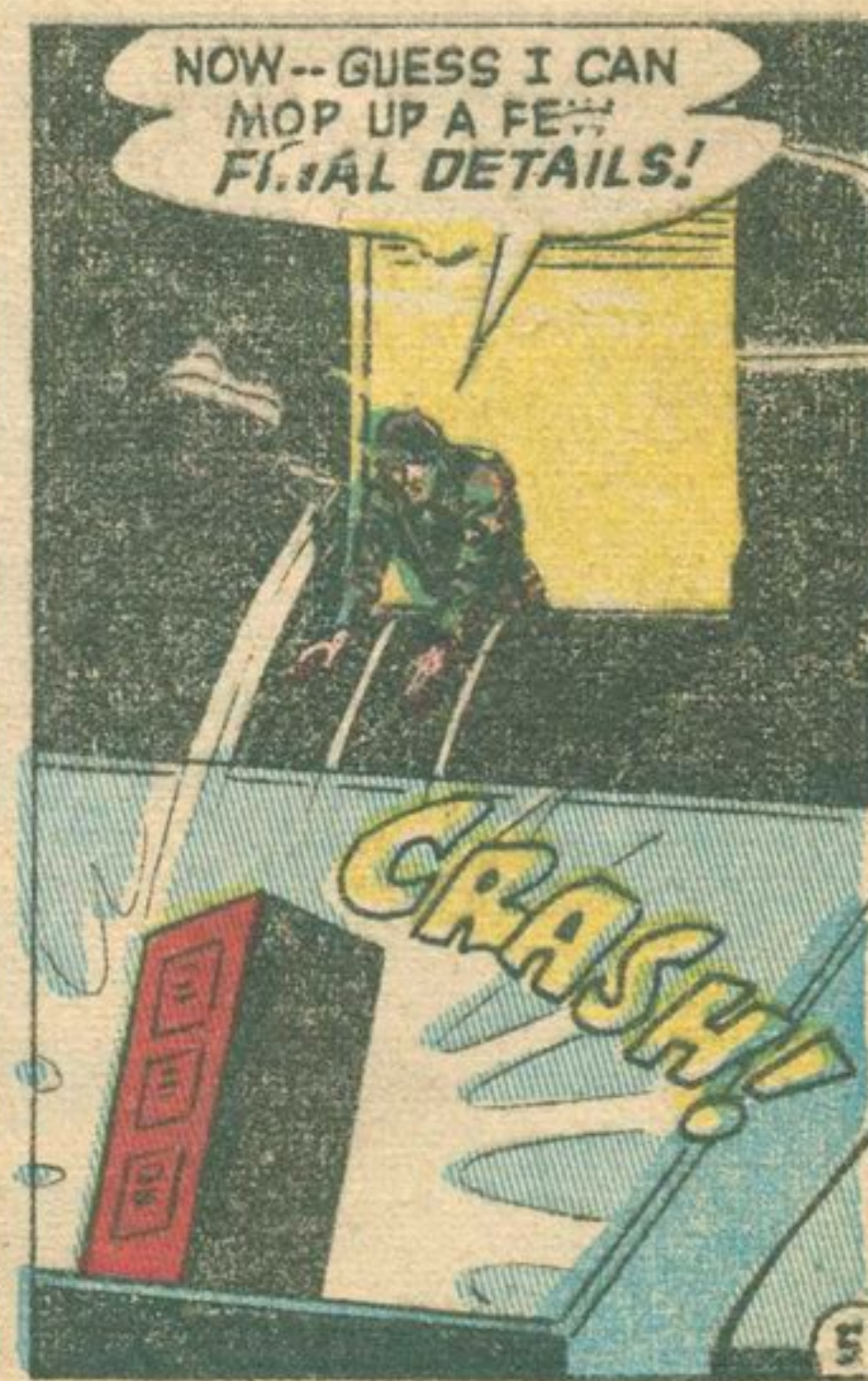
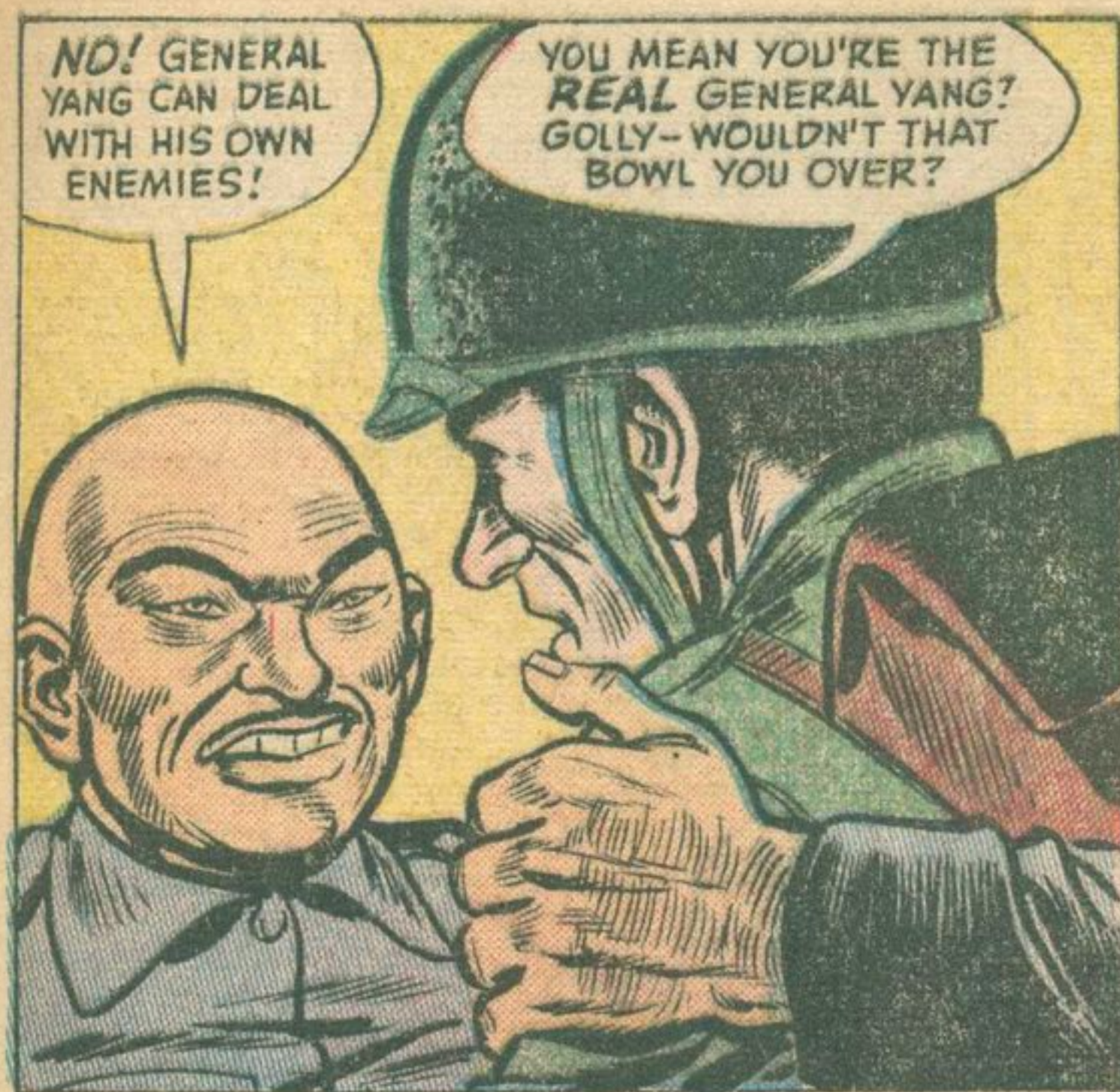
I DUNNO -- BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME MY WINNING STREAK'S TOO GOOD TO LAST! NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET TO YANG'S OFFICE WITHOUT BEING NAILED!



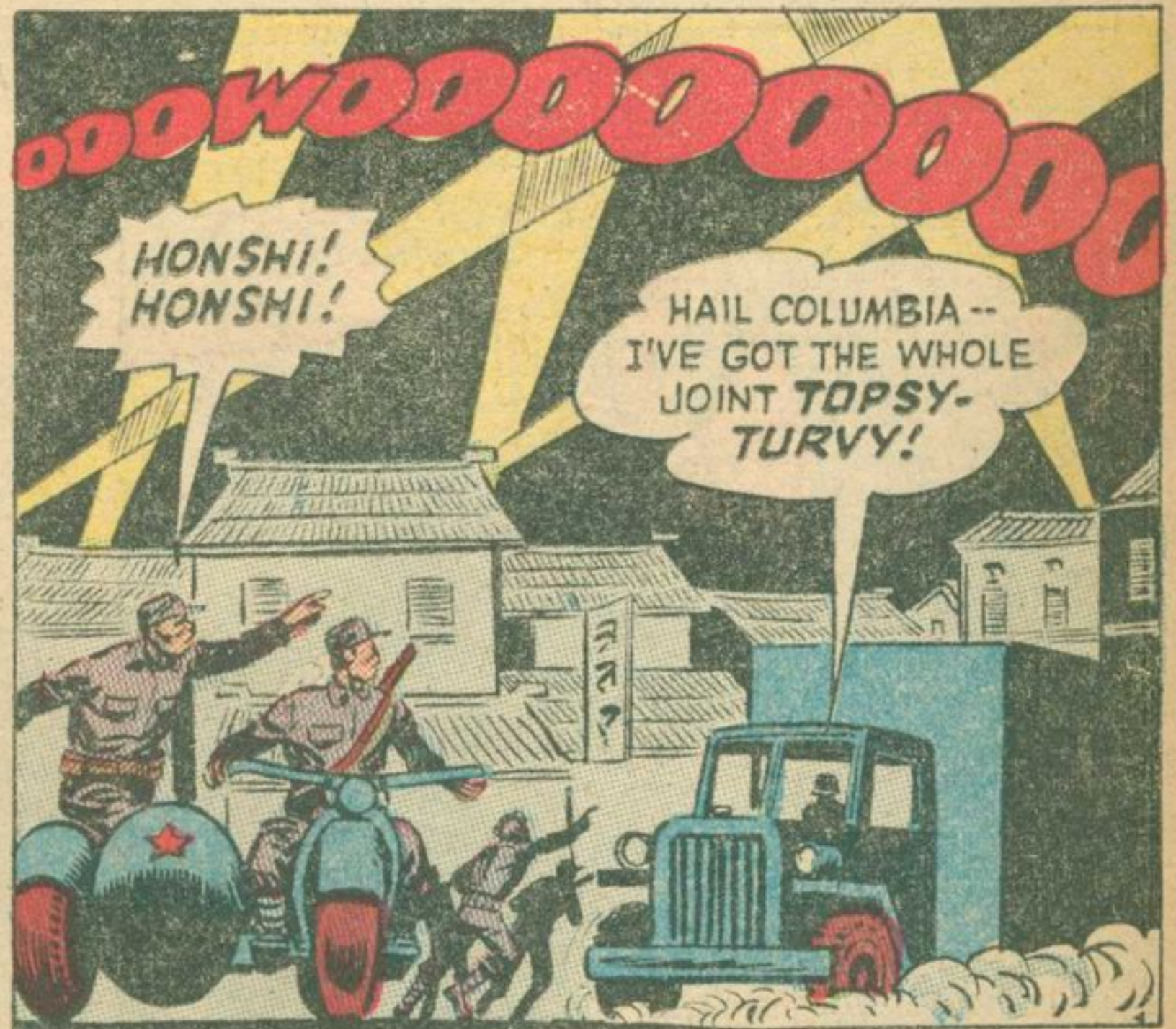
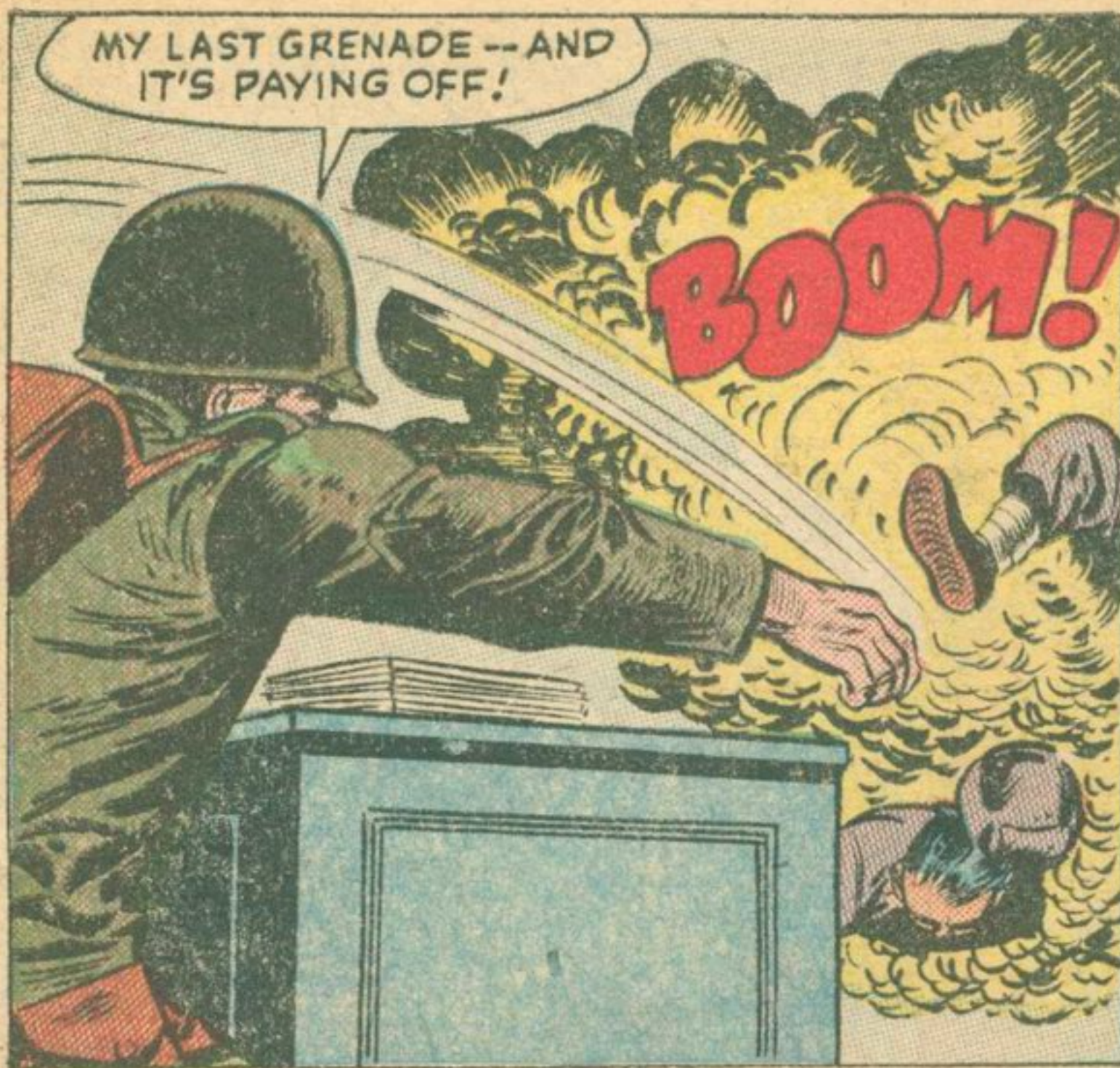
BUT AS DAVE REACHED HIS OBJECTIVE -- QUICK-- PINION ARMS! IT IS LUCKY WE SAW HIM FROM THE WINDOW!

DO NOT EXPOSE YOURSELF, HONORABLE ONE -- I WILL CALL MORE GUARDS!









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